

DISCOVER

MAGAZINE

that exclusive mag from CiTR 101.9 FM
FEB-MAR 2025 • VOL 42 • NO.01 • ISSUE 440 • ZERO CENTS

it's a

from
**FEB
06**

**FEB
23**

FUNDRIVE 2025

that exclusive mag from CiTR 101.9 fm

Feb-Mar 2025 / Vol. 42 / No. 1 // Issue #440
cover illustration by Ricky Castanedo Laredo

DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e

editor's note

Tell me if this sounds like a disaster to you

— in this current moment, right now, and now, and now, we are experiencing a firehose of policies, orders, and directives which limit people's capacity to be fully themselves. At the same time, the swollen little men of social media need us to continue to post, excavating identity and opinion like the petrol it has become. It's a strange juxtaposition, one which leads to very disquieting outcomes. I'm thinking largely of this waste of time Vulture piece on one of the highest paid writers of our time™ — a nonfiction author whose whole deal is half-writing books to sell to the Hollywood IP fodder machine. I don't wish to waste seconds of my biological wonder of a life reiterating his "brazen" content-creation pipeline/scheme, but I tend to get heated when writing becomes less so about excavating moments and more about correctly identifying and aligning with shared interests. Shared interests are for reactionary centrists and YouTube algorithms. It's worth reminding ourselves of how the world and everything and everyone in it deserves to be looked at, and looked at again, and wondered about, and written about in many possible ways, not just one. Especially not one on a legacy media payroll :)

This brings me to my second and more sanguine point: this is a special edition of *Discorder* because CiTR/*Discorder* has decided to center the mag in our Fundrive efforts this year. Looking over *Discorder's* growing archive, we, as a growing herd of dorks, have always endorsed any and all fun to be had at ripping apart the clumsily commodifiable landscape. Writers have covered their scenes with a kind of frivolity and joy that is not only rare in the content-pipeline-ification of media, but defiant.

What endears this issue over others? We worked with CiTR staff and the student executive to expand our coverage, bringing you the projects and stories we hadn't been able to explore previously. From the burning brains of the student exec, we bring you projects such as Duck Pond Goes Gonzo, Airhead (RETURNS!!!!) and an interview with English art-pop group Frank Chickens — some 35 years after their first interview with us. Make sure to read Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton's rowdy Shindig coverage, for, as she writes, "In times of stifling boredom, it will explode your head, or a Save-On-Foods' pig head. When feeling unmoored and adrift, we can reach through the halcyon annals of this multi-decade competition using good 'ol live music." I think this will be good for your IRL brain absorption.

Relaxing & Emotional Fortnite Emotes, ~T

PUBLISHER: Student Radio Society of UBC // STATION MANAGER: Jasper Sloan Yip // DISCORDER STUDENT EXECUTIVE: Thea Flora // EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Tasha Hefford // ART DIRECTOR: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // SOCIAL MEDIA COORDINATOR: Lauren Park // ADMINISTRATION COORDINATOR: Audrey Reich // CHARTS: Aisia Witteveen // DESIGNER: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // CONTRIBUTORS: Dalmar Yusuf, Calla Campbell, Audrey Reich, Isabelle Whittall, Tatiana Yakovleva, Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton, Mika Kao, Yuko Yajima, Serena Laidlaw, Zoie McClymont, Ysabel Gana, Sophie Diebold, Nolan Guillouin, Rhi Forsyth, Sophy, Dani Larose, Jay Ballack, Euan Chynoweth, Bee Shoemaker, Cassandra Ogalino, AIRHEAD, Erich Dachwitz, r. Hester, Zoë Geller-Alford, Jess Lee, Mark Lynch, Matt Schmidt, Sofia Wind, Gabriel Bell, Scotia Barry, Karen Zhou, Michael Yap, Hannah Snider, DANI YOUR DARLING, Alex Haddon, T Heff, Claudia Reilander, Cascadia Chronicler, Jesse "JT" Thomas, Asia Witteveen // PROOFREADERS: snowed-in in East Van

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY ©Discorder 2025 - 2026 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Circulation 3,000 Discorder is published bi-monthly by CiTR, located on the lower level of the UBC Nest, situated on the traditional unceded territory of the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm speaking Musqueam peoples. CiTR can be heard at 101.9 FM, online at citr.ca, as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CiTR DJ line at (604) 822-2487, CiTR's office at (604) 822 1242, email CiTR at stationmanager@citr.ca, or pick up a pen and write to LL500 - 6133 University Blvd. V6T 1Z1, Vancouver, BC, Canada.

airhead

- 04 • LETTERS TO THE AIRHEAD
the Airhead is back
- 05 • HOROSCOPE JUKEBOX
the stars have spoken – and they are just as tired as you are
- 06 • UNOFFICIAL CiTR GLOSSARY
for the young urban professional
- 07 • D*MAG
the future is now and it's still too expensive for me
- 08 • DUCK POND GOES GONZO
3 Discorder writers go to the ballet
- 10 • FRANK CHICKENS
Cluck Yeah
- 12 • SHINDIG 2024
scene sentinel, semi-charmed witness
- 14 • POISON GIRL FRIEND
an encore for n0rik0
- 16 • CiTR & DISCO NOW & THEN
do you remember?
- 23 • DISCOTHRASH
"Italian Cookies" by Lorne Putman
- 24 • MR. FURRR
the call wasn't coming from inside the house – it wasn't coming at all
- 26 • DANNY THE AMBULANCE
all roads lead to Danny

intellectual

- 21 • FEBRUARY CALENDAR
our Fundrive Finale Party is on the 15th!
- 22 • MARCH CALENDAR
art project by the Student Exec of CiTR
- 27 • UNDER REVIEW
(a lot) of words on music and shows
- 36 • (DISCO)RDER CROSSWORD
TEST YOUR MIGHT
- 37 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GRID
- 38 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GUIDE
- 39 • JAN 2025 CHARTS!!!
- 39 • DISCORDER CONSUMER STABILITY QUIZ

ADVERTISE
Ad space for upcoming issues can be booked by emailing

ADVERTISING@CITR.CA

Rates available upon request.

CONTRIBUTE
To learn how to get involved with Discorder contact HELLO@CITR.CA.

SUBSCRIBE
WE FINALLY MADE IT EASIER! Head on over to: CITR.CA/DISCORDER/SUBSCRIBE

DISTRIBUTE
To distribute Discorder in your business, email

ADVERTISING@CITR.CA

We are always looking for new friends.

DONATE
We are part of CiTR, a registered non-profit, and accept donations so we can provide you with the content you love. To donate visit: DONATETOCITR.CA

!!!!!!
To inform Discorder of an upcoming album release, art show or significant happening, please email all relevant details 4-6 weeks in advance to Tasha Hefford,

Editor-In-Chief at EDITOR@CITR.CA.

You may also direct comments, complaints and corrections via email.



A Leisure Suit Is Nothing

or some contributor bios of FEB/MAR 2025

MARK LYNCH

is a Vancouver resident and writer/DJ from Dublin with a passion for deep, dusty, and downtempo music. Founder of Deeper Grooves, a creative project, blog, and radio show exploring themes of creativity, music, and positive mental health. Founding member of the long-standing, London-based electronic music collective and party series, Allow the Groove.

LORNE PUTMAN

is a writer from White Rock, British Columbia. When not writing he can be found reading, forwarding WhatsApps and cooking.

SOPHIE DIEBOLD

Is a recent graduate in Media Studies at UBC and a volunteer at the Discorder archives. On romantic evenings of self, she can be found at a local show—salsa dancing with her confusion. She also thinks that The Breeders are better than Pixies.

AUDREY REICH

said she didn't have a bio "but if u feel like making one about me ur valid." So here it is.

ERICH DACHWITZ

Just a guy enthusiastic about local music.

NOLAN GILLOUIN

Uninvited guest residing on the ancestral, unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh Nations. Host of Mixotroph. Nolan is interested in world music, archival work, community building and art. Art is about arranging the external, material world in a way that creates or transforms something internally.

JAY BALLACK

fervent emo defender and creek enthusiast. losing my taste for the night life despite a well-documented history of dancing in the light, holding in the light.

JESS LEE

is an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia, majoring in English Literature and Creative Writing. A passionate poet, Lee channels his love for language and storytelling into his creative work, crafting poetry that delves into themes of identity, emotion, and cultural expression. Lee is also the host of "Jess' Lit," a literature/music radio show for CiTR. On the show, he explores the nature between written and musical art forms, highlights emerging and established creative works, and engages with comforting conversations about the transformative power of storytelling and sound.

GABRIEL BELL

From Southern California, Gabriel (he/him) is a long-time music fan with a record of listening to a new album every day for the last two years and a taste for everything, but a penchant for hip-hop, 50's-60's jazz, and world/historical music, among tons of other genres. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr. Morale and the Big Steppers*, Saba's *CARE FOR ME* and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*.

MICHAEL YAP

I like drinking coffee, playing guitar, watching movies, and cleaning dust out the corners of my room. After great reflection, I think the key to finding happiness in

life is watching Black Country, New Road's live performances and dressing up as Phoebe Bridgers for Halloween.

CLAUDIA REILANDER

A UBC student currently pursuing her BA while she waits to be discovered on the street & integrated into an indie rock band where she can live out her Almost Famous dreams (despite not being able to play an instrument). In the meantime she attempts to be involved in cool clubs & overshares on the internet @claudia_rei

DANI YOUR DARLING

propagandist, poet, and pomelo connoisseur. spectacle and spectator. solidarity is a verb! read! wear a well-fitted respirator mask! free Palestine!

MATT SCHMIDT

is an indie filmmaker born in Port Alberni, BC. He has been writing for most of his life and has been an avid concert-goer since he was in the womb. His debut short film "The Space Left Behind" is slated to hit the festival circuit later this year. @mattschmidtwasalreadytaken, letterboxd.com/wisdomnugget

SOFIA WIND

is a sociology student at UBC and a lover/writer of all things music. She can be found making a new playlist after any inconvenience (spotify @sofiawind).

YSABEL GANA

is a visual artist working and living in so-called vancouver.

KAREN ZHOU

is passionate about; online resources, freshly turned compost, the yellow fish stencils by roadside drains.

RHY FORSYTH

Rhi is an illustrator, graphic designer, and tattoo artist from the rainy city of Vancouver. She illustrates art that is both cute and calm, primarily working with coloured ink and watercolour. Her art style is influenced by nature, literature, folklore, and animation.

TATIANA YAKOVLEVA

is a hobbyist artist located in White Rock. She is an immigrant from Russia and she is studying Accounting in college.

BILLIE CULLEN

A multimedia artist writing a love letter to so-called Vancouver. Cullen maintains that "A Discorder a day keeps the doctor away".



1. Hey, it's me. I hope you haven't missed me. There was this bird and I... I don't wanna talk about it. Just know that my tabis have been stolen and I'm stuck. In a tree. The only reason you're reading this is because I've spent the last month meticulously hoarding/stealing nuts from small game so that I could force them into doing my bidding. It hurts being a petty baron but the alternative is that I eat them... Anyway, please send a dashing young firefighter to come and fetch me. It is imperative that he be beautiful; if he is hideous I will die. You can find me in the tallest fir tree at Jericho beach. A squirrel should be stationed at the parking lot to escort you. Also, please tip the courier that sent you this; I spent the last of his rations on a tuna steak. Reluctantly and helplessly yours,
— Whisk

Stuck in a tree tabi-less,
Left to your collection of nuts,
Having your bidding done by those of smaller stature.
A request I've received regarding a handsome serviceman,
Of the fiery nature,
To scale the heights with grace and flair,
And rescue you from your lofty lair.
But should his looks not meet your demands,
Your fate, alas, will slip from my hands.
He will be guided by your servant, hungry and keen,
Ready to lead the man through the scene,
But I worry, Whisk,
That the squirrel might just let him down.
For with no more tuna steaks to spare,
I fear the squirrel's hunger might impair
His loyalty to your noble cause.
Might he nibble the fireman's heels or paws?
So hold tight Whisk,
For your fate relies on my gratuity.
— Airhead

2. I've been thinking a lot about community lately. I guess I'm just a little alone, and missing what is familiar, but yeah...nothing feels familiar anymore. I think it's just me, so we don't have to focus on that. What I mean to say is that I have been thinking about community. It's really hard to find, no? I think I find myself grasping at straws when I try to find one. Community is something nebulous that we, as humans, can't really live without. I think I got used to being lonely in my skin when I was young, and then I found myself in a group, a community of friends. And then time passed, and that community withered a little bit, and then I was back to being lonely in myself. It's not all that different from the first time around, but I feel it a lot more acutely. I still have some fresh and living connections, but it's hard to find more. It's hard to accept that something can never be the same again, you know? [...] My point is, Airhead, that sometimes I'm scared that there is no community left for me. This magazine, though, gives me some kind of comforting feeling. I think this is a place that I could find some community, even if it's hard and even if I'm scared. I think I just have to do it scared and reach

out, because this? The community you serve and the community you create? This seems like a family I would like to be part of, rather than just an observer. It's hard to take action and be active in creating connections, but it's necessary. It's life. My true point, after all the rambling, is that I'm grateful to you, Airhead. I think you've slowly been giving me courage to be radically kind, and not giving up hope in finding a place that welcomes me. Thanks, Airhead! It's been a pleasure. To anyone who may be reading this: remember that the world isn't kind, so you have to be. <3
— ANONYMOUS SUBMISSION

Hey ANONYMOUS SUBMISSION,
Take comfort in that you're not the only one staring into the startling maw of adult relationships. Then there is brand affiliation, mob fandoms, Discord groups, networking, TikTok trends and PR-approved overtures to deal with. Remember: muscles that are not used will go atrophy, and hope is not the idea that things will get better, but that they could.
Yours airily,
—Airhead

3. God I just hate how fucking powerless I feel in the face of everything. And numb. I know all I can do is ensure the best life for myself and those around me but does that not feel a bit self-centred? God I hate this world, I suppose I can live out my days here but I still wish I could just wake up in a new reality tomorrow.
— Anon

Self-centered? Perhaps. But if we all worked toward creating tiny pockets of kindness and sanity, who knows? Maybe those pockets would grow into a decent sized trench coat of hope. Or at least a scarf.
Chilled to the bone,
— Airhead

LETTERS TO THE AIRHEAD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILLIE CULLEN



4. Hello. I just wanted to pass along my great appreciation for your fine station and it's shows. I've been listening since forever. Remember "Disasterpiece Theatre"? I sure do! In fact it inspired me to send in a conation once. Money well spent, although it seemed weird i got a

Thank You note from the UBC legal department. I hope the lawyers didn't intercept the money because I know you guys can use it. If i ever get some legal stuff at my end sorted out (nothing scary, just probate. For more than a year now, sigh...) I'll be sure to do right by you again.

Transcendance. Brilliant. Pass along my love. Used to work night shifts asd a security guard in West Wan and I swear it elevated my life listening sunday night. Vancouver can be brutal, but being out there amongst the trees revelling in music was glorious. Randophonic. Weird in the best possible way. Not unlike myself, frankly. Also enlightening. Guess it's just reruns now, which is a shame, but doesn't change my gratitude. Said what I needed to say. Thank you and well done.

Obediently yours,
Jude Kirkhoum

We're all stuck waiting on some snail mail around here too. I'll check with the higher ups for the money but it's likely it found its way into the sticky fingered disc jockeys over at [insert radio]. If our music kept the thieves at bay during your security guard shifts, we'll take all the credit. I'll be here for all your future donations—no legal department involved. With appreciation (and no lawyers),
—Airhead

5. I been collecting *Discorder* magazines. There's a pile of them sitting on my nightstand and it keeps

on growing. Maybe in the future I won't have any more space on my nightstand and it'll cover the floor of my bedroom and I'll become one of those people who has a odd collection of specific objects. I read it here and there on my bed and it gleams with passion of art. Art that wants to stay alive and be shared, especially in the age of AI. Having this physical piece of media grows to be important to me for it does scare me that someday art will not matter and the need to create will be gone. I will keep on collecting until I die and KEEP ON CREATING!!!!!!!

From,
Anonymous

The difference between curating and hoarding? Well, it's mostly arbitrary. Both involve collecting, and both might result in piles of stuff; whether neatly organized or overflowing. The key difference usually boils down to intention: curating is about thoughtful selection and purpose, while hoarding tends to be more about accumulating without a clear reason. But honestly, what's the line between a well-curated collection and a hoarded mess? Sometimes it's just a matter of perspective. If our archives ever spontaneously combust, we'll know exactly where to go for our back issues of *Discorder*. Should the worst happen, I'm sure your pile will have us covered.

And as for AI? AI could never recreate something so valuable as *Discorder Magazine*. We tried and it just spit out something called "Rolling Stone."
Keep hoarding (curating),
—Airhead

6. Hey big stupid world, I have something I need to get off my chest. Well, actually, it's my whole chest and if you back me into a corner, I'll hurt you. I'm sorry for starting this way. What I mean to say is: I've been churning, I've not been relaxed. I've been keeping myself SMALL, and I've decided I want to be BIG. I don't want to be on fire anymore. I want to go to the prairies, like a bird. Like a Nelly Furtado bird. This brings me to my question, Airhead, can you score this for me? I just need a couple songs to get started.

Yours dourly,
never seen the prairies

First, I'd suggest Stop, Drop, and Roll. I'm pretty sure that'll take care of the fire situation.

With regard to wanting to be Big, I'd suggest Zoltar. I'm almost certain I saw it in a movie somewhere.

Honestly, the prairies are lame. No punks there.
—Airhead ☉



ARIES: MARCH 21 – APRIL 19

"Hot topic is the way that we rhyme / Carol Rama and Eleanor Antin, Yoko Ono and Carolee Schneemann / 'You're getting old', that's what they'll say / But don't give a damn I'm listening anyway / Stop! Don't you stop! I can't live if you stop! Don't. You. Stop."

"Hot topic" Le Tigre

Aries is meant to rise from their recent trials and tribulations. Everything is looking up and your life is gradually going to become more powerful as the year progresses. Channel the mentors and never let the man get you back down again.

TAURUS: APRIL 20 – MAY 20

"Put the motherf****n' money in my motherf****n' hands / I'm in Gucci in a bonnet, spendin' motherf****n' bands / I got haters, I got fans / I got stars in the stands / Do they love her or do they hate her? Either way they spendin' bands."

"Doechii" NISSAN ALTIMA

Do not live your life under the fear of perception by uninformed eyes. Lean into self-love and self-worth. Be less concerned with having an inflated ego. Instead let your confidence shine. Doing so might bring you financial success.

GEMINI: MAY 21 – JUNE 21

"They knew all the right people, they took all the right pills / They threw outrageous parties, they paid heavenly bills / There were lines on the mirror, lines on her face / She pretended not to notice she was caught up in the race / Out every evening, until it was light / He was too tired to make it, she was too tired to fight about it / Life in the fast lane, surely make you lose your mind."

"Life in the Fast Lane" The Eagles.

Put your pedal to the floor and take off to the electrifying party that is your year. Be sure to check the invitation before you leave on your joyride, don't leave too late and miss all the fun.

CANCER: JUNE 22 – JULY 22

"And when you're feeling out of place and nowhere you can hide / Just close your eyes and take a breath and you'll be alright / Don't let the monsters get to you, be the one, my friend / Even if you have to punch your way to the end / Live, laugh, learn, don't die, and you fly."

"The Climb" Flying Lotus ft. Thundercat

For you, 2025 is the year of mobility. Astrologically, you are likely to have a great year compared to the other signs. To amplify these positive experiences, keep moving. Especially avoid pouring yourself into connections and outlets for the sake of familiarity. You know they're no longer serving you. Expand your horizons, try new things, check off those pre-existing boxes then make some new ones.

LEO: JULY 23 – AUGUST 22

"Cover me / With winded rock / And skies I've yet to see? I tried, I even sent in friends / They did it as a favour cause I'm not that way / I am the autumn in the scarlet / I am the makeup on your eye."

"Off You" The Breeders

It's okay that you want to be in the spotlight. After all, it's warmer in the light than in the dark. But it's even warmer to stand shoulder to shoulder. Yes, feeling the sun on your eyelids is a blessing and an affirmation, but don't get too greedy.

VIRGO: AUGUST 23 – SEPTEMBER 22

"If there was a better way to go, then it would find me / I can't help it, the road just rolls out behind me / Be kind to me, or treat me mean / I'll make the most of it, I'm an extraordinary machine."

"Extraordinary Machine" Fiona Apple

February brings a new burst of energy and focus! Think outside the box and tackle projects with fresh ideas and perspectives. Nurture relationships and your softer side. Balance your practicality with creativity and don't be shy to try new things! Stay grounded but allow room for spontaneity. This month, focus on fresh perspectives and emotional balance!

LIBRA: SEPTEMBER 23 – OCTOBER 23

"Cause he gets up in the morning/ And he goes to work at nine / And he comes back home at five-thirty / Gets the same train every time / 'Cause his world is built 'round punctuality / It never fails / And he's oh so good / And he's oh so fine / And he's oh so healthy / In his body and his mind."

"A Well Respected Man" The Kinks

Sorry to break it to you, but those fake social media millionaires are right about one thing: The key is discipline. Your goal for the future is to set your goals straight! Make that routine, get that project done, and whatever you do don't take your eyes off the prize. No one got anywhere waiting for their life to start.

SCORPIO: OCTOBER 24 – NOVEMBER 21

"There's some food upon the table, boys / And if you have ever seen me flying / Then you'd know that I am weak / And you are free to take me downstairs? Away from cares / I'll be with you in the morning, boys / Cause you know that if we wait for our time / We'll all be dead."

"If We Wait" Guided by Voices

Tell your friends you love them, find solace in the ocean. Things will be okay because the sun shines on the water. Roots matter as much as flowers.

SAGITTARIUS: NOVEMBER 22 – DECEMBER 21

"She's my Thelma, I'm Louise / She's a coffee cup, I'm tea / She's a dog, and I'm her fleas / That's good enough for me"

"Ronnie's Song" Odie Leigh

Let your community drive you. No one gets out of this life alive. Remember you have friends around you, even if you can't see them. They are there, and they are right beside you. Yes, even right now!

CAPRICORN: DECEMBER 22 – JANUARY 19

"Actually / I'm not even wearing a g-strings / Actually/It's just a regular underwear / And I'm wearing tight tights / On top of the underwear / And I'm wearing short shorts / On top of the tight tights / I'm running around and I feel so wild / (Air on my G-string)."

"Air on a G String" Bassvictim

Look out for the owls in the trees, they speak in strange tongues, understand them if you can. Trust in those who you are closest to.

AQUARIUS: JANUARY 20 – FEBRUARY 18

"I wish I could speak / And have you understand me / I wish I could be without an angel landing / Some problems are never tore resolved / Cause neither of us lives long enough / To see the other give in."

"Angel Landing" Pretty Sick

Ebbing and flowing, soaring and sinking. What goes up must come down, mustn't it? It's not losing, it's almost winning. 99% of gamblers quit before hitting it big. Lock in.

PISCES: FEBRUARY 19 – MARCH 20

"Temporary tattoo of a hot dog / Long night out / I always wake up wondering / If I've been running my mouth / You know I'm always wondering / I never get very far / Just end up retracing old scars"

"In My Corner" Charlotte Cornfield

You are water contained in skin and bone. Do not forget what your core is, and that water is a cycle. Time to turn inwards and let the river flow to the ocean. Don't be a fish out of water; avoid drying out this month – mentally.

The Answer to the Universe???

www.bebopink.com

Come get a tattoo to find out

@zik_tats @laylachenyz @strawberry_softserve @hex.ezra.ttt @jjojo____
@statlew_ @tattooist_nene @heeyajenny @errolcraatt @slosluggo

Flash + Custom Booking Available / Valentine's Flash Day Feb 14



AN UN/OFFICIAL CITR/DISORDER GLOSSARY

THE LETHAL REFRESH CREW: DANI LAROSE / JAY BALLACK
/ EUAN CHYNOWETH / BEE SHOEMAKER / ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CASSANDRA OGALINO

• **ALF House Bathroom:** The backroom of the Vancouver punk scene.

“Should’ve never smoked that shit, now I’m in the ALF house bathroom.”

—
• **Beer vending machine:** A legend of CiTR’s past, rumoured to have been the fuel behind questionable decisions by the student exec team throughout the '80s, '90s, and '00s. Its fate rests with the film students who ownership was transferred to in their pursuit of making a film about a haunted vending machine.

—
• **CiTR Sauna:** When there are roughly 11 people in the CiTR studio and the collective body heat raises the temperature to 40°C.

—
• **CiTRsona:** The version of yourself that is only awakened with the magic of CiTR. Alternatively, a Discosona is the version of yourself awakened with the magic of *Discorder*.

—
• **Cozy Corner:** CiTR’s very own copyright-free (PLEASE DON’T SUE THANKYOUUUUU) tiny desk.

—
• **Dingle dongle:** When a musician is doing far too much on a single track.
“That dingle dongle does not have one single songle where he needs to be doing all of that.”

Derives from an infamous snapshot of the poet and scholar Sir Kevin Gates springing to the sky during a live show. He doesn’t have a single songle where he needs to be doing all of that.

—
• **Diggs:** People who come to Shindig, listen to 5 minutes of a set, smoke a cig and leave.

—
• **Dust Naps:** Falling asleep blissfully surrounded by dusty records.

—
• **Federal:** When someone has ulterior motives.
eg. *“bro is federal”*

—
• **Glorp:** Arrived at CiTR and *Discorder* Mag one mystical night after travelling all the way from planet IKEA. Can often be spotted wearing a “meow” necklace while watching over Studio A. Rumoured to be the reason for random technical difficulties and connection problems during live broadcasts, but

no proof has been found, possibly due to Glorp’s unknowable extraterrestrial energies and abilities.

We’ve found that it’s better for the humans of CiTR to not mess with Glorp’s unfathomable powers. Especially after what happened the time someone removed the ‘meow’ necklace....

—
• **Guru energy:** Somewhat tolerable lock-in potions that magically appeared in the Discorder office one day.

—
• **Gulls:** Those who sit outside CiTR wistfully watching into the studios and the lounge, yearning to have a piece of the pie and placing themselves close enough within the physical sphere to get but a smell. Not much is known about this phenomenon, but there seems to be a ‘gull’ to ‘CiTRsona’ to ‘station rat’ pipeline deep underground.

—
• **Grams/Grammers/Doing a Gram:** How programmers refer to each other within the station and/or how they refer to their shows.

—
• **Hitting the Hepburn:** When you just can’t resist the urge to go out for a smoke, wherever it may be.

—
• **Locking In:** A liminal space between trying to do your readings and catching up on station gossip.

—
• **Locking the Fuck In:** Going to the exec office, putting your headphones on and actually doing your reading.

—
• **Nardwuar cult:** What CiTR 101.9fm really is, but typically only discovered once you are already too far gone.

—
• **Nina Hagen:** German Björk.

—
• **Pit-watching:** An activity, best enjoyed on cozy Wednesday nights with a warm cup of tea. Involves gazing at the beautiful human chaos of the pre-intoxicated clubbers trying to form a queue to dance at the world-famous PIT.

—
• **Redgate:** A physical entity (or local music venue, if you must) whose smoking area during a show will bring you the closest vibes to the CiTR lounge at mid-school day, only a mere 11.2km away.

• **Radio Jail:** Being locked out of the AMS Nest while all of your belongings are still inside the station. Alternatively, can be used when one has forgotten any of the stations’ door codes.

“Jail” in this context refers to not only the physical blockage between you and the door, but also the feeling of liminality and awkwardness as you stand waiting at the mercy of the station rats.

—
• **Slop and Go:** Coming into the station for a quick lunch and chat between classes or shifts. A pastime enjoyed since the dawn of CiTR.

—
• **Volceling:** Staying voluntarily celibate.
“That’s it, I’m deleting Hinge. Time to volcel for a few months...”

—
• **White forces:** Jeedy weedys.

—
• **Hit the john:** A dance move, hip with the kids, frequently hit in the local music scene but unfortunately cannot be transcribed into any (known) written language (yet).

—
• **Doodle bop:** A word for a hookup akin to a “Sneaky Link”
“Was that your new doodle bop that just walked by?”

—
• **Wordceling:** When you love words so much people get scared; in numbers – letters, in images – the entire arena of human lexicon – distilling into words and words and words and words ‘till theres nothing left.

—
• **Station Rat:** Someone who spends 8+ hours at CiTR. Most eventually retire to their quarters. If you seek the secrets of the station (ie. how to use the projector or where to find the scissors) the station rats are the Jaq and Gus to your Cinderella. Alternatively known as a “stationhead.” ☹



D-MAGAZINE

THAT SCHWAY PHYSICAL PHYSICAL MAGAZINE FROM Y2K
words by Jesse "JT" Thomas + illustration by Zoë Geller-Alford

This article has been recorded for you on M4A format at the beginning of January 2025 on the traditional and unceded territories of the Musqueam Peoples.

Back in January 1990, the *Discorder* masthead kicked off the new decade with something a little different, a “special pullout section from the future, just for you.” Before Y2K had been thought of as a problem, *Discorder*’s staff imagined a future in which metal boob-cones would make a comeback, *Discorder Magazine* would be a TV channel, featuring commentary cartoons, and all of this would be brought to you by refreshing sponsor, *Nicotime*™!

The pull-out calls itself a “Literary Supplement from *Discorder* Channel For the Week of January 01-08 2000” but I’ll refer to it as *D-Mag 2000* because that’s a mouthful. On the second page I found a 20 question “Vancouver Residents’ Consumer Aptitude Test (CAT).” Completing the quiz, they promise, “will enable you to channel your leisure spending time with max efficiency.”

Carrying on the joke, *D-Mag 2000*’s table of contents blends advertisements and columns to create a dystopian disco-inferno hellscape, articles claiming such things as; updates on the “Local Scene”™ from Reel-tek™ Synthetic Leather, hyper-kitchen (brought to you by Cudd™ chu-snax), Cabbage & Kinx “Second Hand”™ Cloths, and “Fresh, Fast Fashions!!!” from Betty Cooper’s Cyberbag™. I think you get the joke.

When I found this bizarre piece of future-now-past in the *Discorder Magazine* Archives, I literally ran down the hall to ask the Editor in Chief if I could use *D-Mag 2000* as a jumping off point to talk about how we approach the past’s conceptions of the future. But when I sat down to write and realised a problem: *D-Mag 2000* was satirical commentary on consumerism. It was not meant to be taken seriously. And as such, I’m going to be incredibly serious.

Now, we don’t have a lack of used-clothing stores “consignment stores” in Vancouver, as per page 22. where it is predicted that..... we will have lots of those. Both actually. And we are not hiring wearers to age our clothes. Yet. Though I am starting to wonder if buying clothing has become a new form of antique collecting. The radio station where *Discorder* is located, if you are unaware, is in the Lower Atrium of

the AMS Building at UBC. To access the washrooms, stores, or food outlets, you need to walk through the Atrium which has been regularly taken over by vintage clothing pop-up shops.

Now, I remember during my time at UVIC, about ten 10 years ago, I would sometimes go to the pop-up vintage clothing or second-hand book shops and think about buying things. Even back then, I would buy books before the clothes because I couldn’t afford them. It was still a little pricier than going to a secondhand store downtown.

That said, it wasn’t as pricey as it is now! In 2010, you could get a secondhand coat for less money than you could get a new coat. And that’s what I did, because I was a poor student. Now I am a poor Master’s student and I can’t afford to buy most second-hand clothing.

Last fall I saw second-hand coats at UBC’s pop-up market for \$200. I haven’t checked since because I can’t afford a \$200 clothing item. I can also tell you that I went down to the Salvation Army on Broadway and found a pair of boots — definitely worn — for \$50. A few years prior, at the same store, I saw a cheaply made t-shirt priced at \$10 that could be bought new for \$5.

If you don’t believe me, take a look at Nisha Patel’s February 2024 article aptly titled, “Consumers look to Value Village for a bargain. Many are finding ‘ridiculous’ markups,” which

FEATURING:

- Retro Eightieswear
- Remember the human hair shirts of '96? They're back!
- Full line of Goodwear™ synthetic rubberwear
- 4 and 5 piece aluminum mail suits with lightweight 100% magnesium shoes from Melcor™.



includes the example

of a “used vase selling for 3x its original price.” But why does a critique of fashion from 1990 look so similar to one from 2025? Maybe because consumerism isn’t a “growing issue” as *D-Mag 2000* cheekily suggested. There isn’t a ‘rising ride of consumerism’ — the tide was a flood. Now there is a lake. We are all wet. If the effects are getting worse, that’s just because wet things rot.

We may not have what the satirical *D-Mag*’s predicted in its exact form, but the critique of Vancouver and its relationship with second-hand clothing certainly stands. Food-related predictions are a little less grim, but only because reality sucks. *D-Mag*’s “Hyperkitchen”

column jokes about two crackdowns by “the Health Authority,” one related to MSG and the other to use of chocolate instead of carob (1 casualty). The joke here is about extreme food regulations. But from what I hear, it isn’t regulation that is the problem so much as simply getting enough to eat. We can put off replacing our coats and underwear, even if there are holes, at least for a while — but there is something we can’t put off, and it is also getting more expensive. The one thing that we can — or at least should — consume every single day: Food. ☺

Curious about the Consumer Aptitude Test (CAT?)

Turn to pg. 39 to test your stability.



Around 2:00pm on Wednesday, January 22nd, my dear friend and co-host Zoie McClymont texts me to ask if I have a beret she can borrow. I don't, but I smile anyway as I read the text, thinking that she might be building an outfit for tonight. At 5pm we're set to join our darling Serena Laidlaw on-air for *Arts Report*, and then the three of us are jetting off ... somewhere ... for a show.

DUCK POND

That's been the best part of the day — talking about our evening plans. I run into people in the hallway, at the radio station, by the bus loop, and they might say, 'do you have plans tonight?'

Or ask if I'm excited about something, or any other vaguely leaning question that could result in me sharing my day plans — and then I am compelled to share that I AM going to a show tonight, but I DON'T know what the show is, OR where it is, and it is a MYSTERY because *Discorder Mag* wanted to surprise me. Most people respond pretty positively to that.

So, by 3:00PM I've been thinking of Zoie's beret for about an hour, and my thoughts start to turn toward my own clothing choices. Thinking: skirt or pants? Kind of want to wear tights or thermals and a jacket, kind of want a sleek pant look. Definitely thinking a bold lip and earrings. I scribble down any outfit ideas in my notes app as I go along the day, texting Zoie or Serena to see where their vibes are at. It's tricky to dress for an event you don't know anything about because there is no clear dress code. I settle on an outfit that has different pieces for different standards of elegance: I start with dark wash mid-waist flare jeans that are too short for me, and combat the latter issue with tall brown boots and buckles that fit under the jeans. Then I add a grey and gold tank top layering combo, a black Dickies hoodie and a brown leather blazer. Day-of thrifted sunglasses go on top for mostly pizzazz because the sun is gone for most of the day.

I head toward the radio station by about 4:30PM to prep for *Arts Report*, and am excited to touch base with Zoie and Serena to feel out the rest of our evening. On the bus ride over I make notes about my day so far: midday I was tired and had a stomachache. Not thinking of much and thinking of most. The neighborhood is gray but still. The cold is present but not biting. I arrive at the station at 4:51PM, and Serena tells me that she's been sent the tickets and she knows what the show is. The plan is that she'll reveal the show only when we arrive, but she had to be informed a few hours in advance to get the tickets. She says she thinks it'll be good. She says she was aware of this event happening but didn't really give it a second thought and wouldn't have guessed it! Then she asks me to guess it,

so I do. I'm embarrassed all of the sudden, but I guess it might be the symphony. It's all very anticlimactic because Serena gives zero facial expressions so as not to spoil it, but that is still my best guess.

A few minutes later, Zoie arrives at the station. She's wearing an awesome baby blue and orange crochet hat with three pieces on the top that look like little leaves with gems. She says she wore the hat

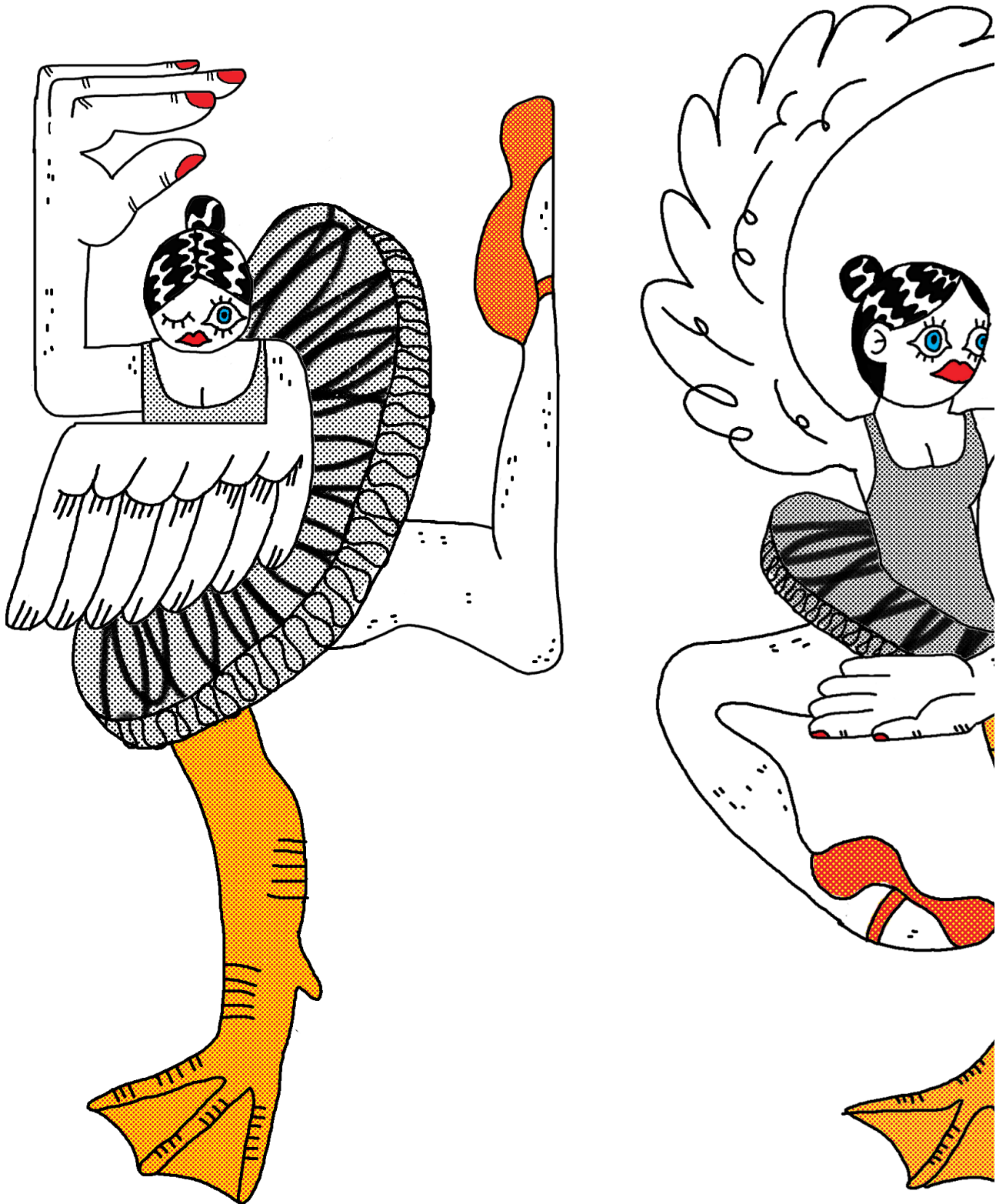
"in case we're going to see a comedian, because then I'll be heckled" and proceeds to talk about how a magician would also love the hat, so it's multipurpose. Zoie's guesses for the evening are closer to something interactive and crowd-based: standup or maybe a contortionist or something circus-like. I giggle and take pictures of her hat.

An hour later, we've chatted and laughed and shared our 2025 ins-and-outs on *Arts Report*, then we grab a slice of pizza and eat in the exec room while we prep for the evening. Zoie is sticking a last-minute gem on Serena's teeth while Serena looks up our route and books an Evo. We take outfit pictures and declare our last guesses. I've stuck with symphony or music performance, and Zoie is pretty sure on acrobatics now. She's wearing her special hat, plus a beige sweater and brown flowy dress pants

with brown boots. Serena is wearing an oversized plaid button up that falls over an ankle-length jean skirt with hand painted circles — one which she actually got from me in a clothing swap last spring. Overall, we could pass at a few different functions but would probably be best suited for a bar that an indie band is playing at, which is not a huge surprise.

The real irony of dressing and preparing for an unknown event is revealed during our arrival. We book it to an Evo, but the evils of traffic and parking best us as always, and we even overshoot the block while running to the venue. My sunglasses are stuck in my hair and are impairing

WORDS BY ISABELLE WHITTALL



my vision, it's windy and cold, and we can't remember if it's one block up or two blocks over. Finally, we arrive at *The Vancouver Playhouse*; I think the name of the show must have been displayed on a screen outside, but somehow we get in (after a split-second freakout because the doors were locked) and we're in the lobby and I STILL don't know what show we're seeing. Everyone has to pee so we run to the washroom, which is two floors down, and Serena airdrops me the ticket while I'm in the bathroom stall. It's in the bathroom where I ceremoniously discover we are twenty minutes late to "Duck Pond," an acrobatic ballet by *Circa Australia*.

The chaos somersaults and doubles when we emerge back into lobby at 7:22PM, aware now of three difficult facts: we are at

a mostly family-attended live acrobatic show, we have missed the beginning and there is no intermission, and our seats are sprinkled across the audience — each DEEP in the middle of their respective rows. Feeling awkward, we manage to be, mostly, benevolently apprehended by a woman working the event, who matches us each up with ushers to walk us through the crowd to our seats in the middle of the show. I naively hope that the awkward part is over, until I trip over the feet of every single person in my row as I maneuver to my seat. Once I'm seated, I don't move again for the next 50-odd minutes; I'm too stunned by what Serena later calls; "the peak of human physicality" happening in front of me.

How do they do it? The acrobats are incredible. They leap, dive, and wobble; they're ducks, swans, and princesses;

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOPHY

they betray and tease and reunite; they demonstrate the limits of their bodies and then surpass them. The scene we arrive to starts solo: a black-clad woman weaves her way to the front of the stage, strutting in metallic red stilettos. She's so captivating that I barely notice as she's joined by another acrobat, who wears so little that I can't tell if he's naked or not, and then lies on the floor. The first acrobat proceeds to *walk her red stilettos all over his body*. I think my jaw dropped. She moves like water but struts like earth, stepping and pressing herself up and down him, just exuding pure dominance and finesse. And he totally takes it — I can't help but think it must hurt, but he just lets her walk.

The acts continue and abound. They work in duos, trios, and sometimes with the whole company in one scene. Later, Serena mentions that she liked how it sometimes seemed like they were going

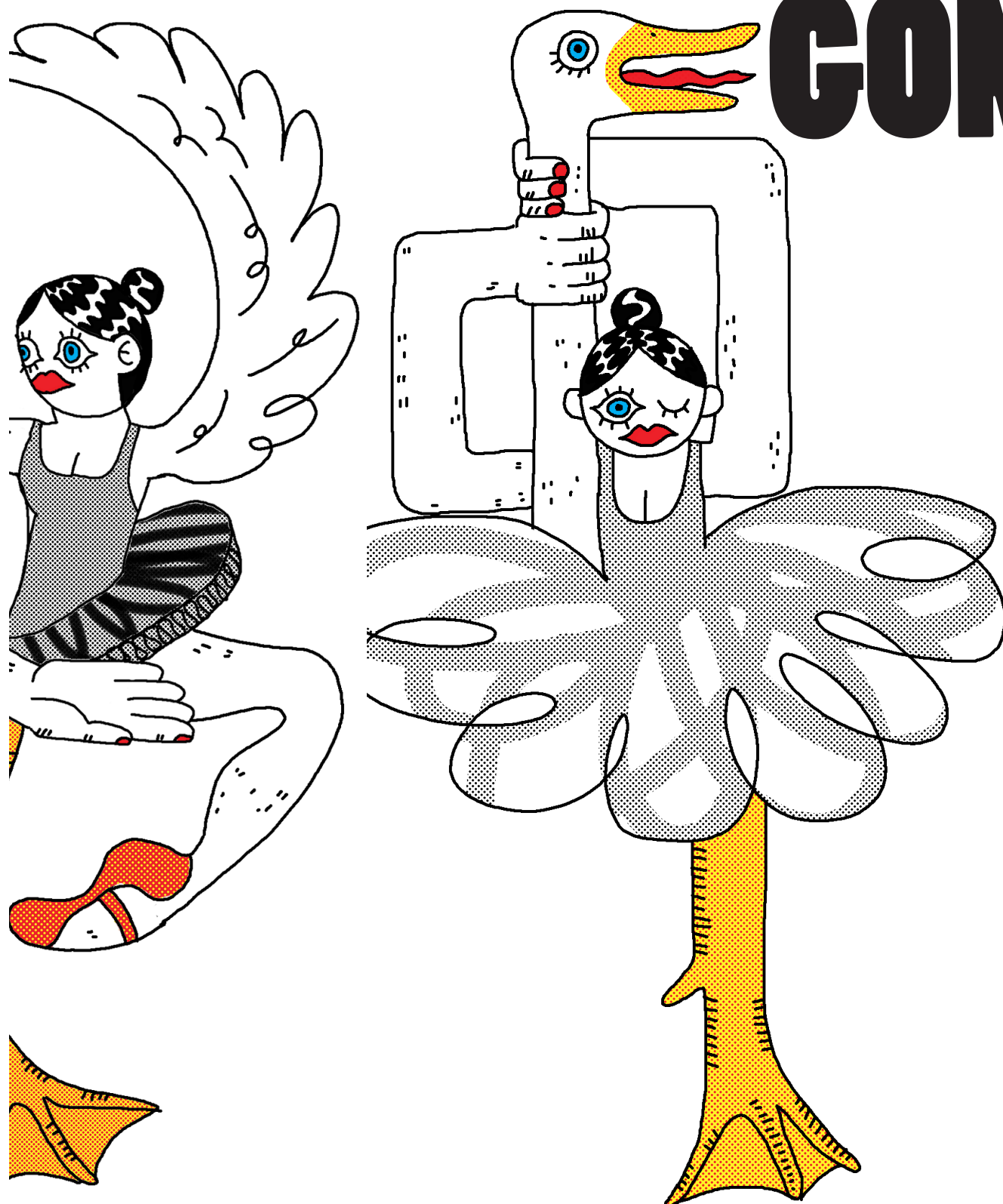
to mess up, because it made it more real. I agree — we as audience members are close to the acrobats, we can see their facial expressions and the trust they have in each other. It seems to me that they are testing certain moves to see if they'll work: 'ok, on tonight's round can we add a third person to this? Is she going to jump now, or are we going to skip that part this time?' I found that the dynamism of these moments really added to the layers of the performance, because it felt like those decisions were being made in real-time. I found myself wondering, if that stunt was a complete surprise to me, was it at all a surprise to the performers? Were we all in a meta-unfolding of surprises, one move after another, a reflective equilibrium of action and reaction? It felt kind of real and whole. Good art makes you feel like you've all watched it, and you've all made it, whether from the audience or from the stage.

"Duck Pond" ends quickly, which is perfect. I don't even get to that

point when I start to wonder how long there is left; it just is, and then it ends, and I feel satisfied. I join the hordes

moving out of *the Playhouse* and find Zoie and Serena in the lobby, who each have tales to tell from their vantage points; Zoie was seated in the front row and said she kept the hat on and the acrobats kept looking at her, so her heckling dream came half-true. At the nights end, We decide to walk to a nearby bar to grab a drink, and I surrender to Serena's google map search of places close by. We end up going to *The Cambie* which is running a Wednesday special pong night, and it's like an adult Chuck E Cheese: a lot of really electric dark blue and red, and someone on the microphone making Spongebob-narrator sounds that I think have to do with the pong tournament. We get a pitcher of Belgian Blue Moon and stand in the corner, trying to absorb the bar vibes which are extremely antithetical to the contortion and grace we just witnessed. We take pictures of each other and relay parts of the acrobatics that shocked us whenever they come to mind. About halfway through the pitcher I start telling Zoie and Serena the story of the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, which I have an exam on the next morning at 9:30AM. I muse about a constant self wandering through wake-states and dream-states — perhaps finding itself in a pattern of making and unmaking, birth and surprise, like the acrobats we saw. They listen attentively and I feel prepared. We call an uber and call the evening. It's a peaceful end to a good night. ☺

CONZO



THE FRANK CHICKENS

Frunk Chickens began as the union of two Japanese 'misfit women,' Kazuko Hohki and Kazumi Taguchi, who formed the group in 1982 in London, where they are still based today. Their distinctive art-pop sound feels like a zany mix of Tom Tom Club, Yellow Magic Orchestra and enka (traditional Japanese ballads). Today, their lineup has over 20 members who continue to deliver lively and theatrical performances, inspired by karaoke through the use of backing tracks. The group was a serendipitous discovery for your trusty archivists, Sophie Diebold and Nolan Gillouin, who spent a lazy afternoon perusing CiTR's vinyl library. Immediately chickenized by the track, "We Say You Say," off their 1987 album *Get Chickenized*, we chose then to air a spontaneous chicken radio special. Months later, (in the *Discorder Magazine* archive) we were astounded to stumble across a Frank Chickens interview in the August 1990 issue — penned after the group had performed the Vancouver Folk Fest. Upon obtaining a glimpse into the past, we were struck by their way of blending politics and art and felt we could take inspiration from them, thirty-five years later. We got in touch, and the original Frank Chickens members Kazuko and Kazumi were happy to catch up with us and reflect on the long, bizarre history of the group.

Nolan Gillouin: *Growing up in Japan, did you always think you were going to be performers or artists, or did you have other expectations?*

Kazuko Hohki: Well, I wanted to be an artist, but in Japan it has to be your career. I didn't realize until I came to England, you can be an artist without making a living of it. So England made me an artist, I'm very grateful for that.

Kazumi Taguchi: I don't think I had any sort of ambition to be an artist, but I didn't imagine myself to get married and have a family. I came to England when I was 20 and I thought the people were quite unique. Japan is a conformist society, but [in the UK] it's more free right? That's kind of my life.

Sophie Diebold: *How did you find each other? Did you meet in London?*

KH: Yes, in an adult education institute. When I came to England, I was desperate to do some creative things. In those days, you could do a one year course for just

1 pound if you were unemployed. So I enrolled in lots of art classes.

KT: Good old days for adult education. It was quite cheap, and everywhere back then. But I don't know if it exists anymore. Kazuko and I would come to the institute, amongst young people and also elderly people.

SD: *And that's where Frank Chickens was born?*



KH: Yeah, we met, but we had no intention of making a band or anything. We just loved talking Japanese, and Kazumi looked so striking because she had this Afro hair, and you don't see many Japanese in Japan with Afro hair. She has a very amazing style, she really stood out. I must have looked quite odd because I had very short hair, almost like a skinhead. So we met as a sort of outsiders' meeting, like a solidarity thing. Kazumi saw I was doing a performance of the Japanese American Toy Theater of London, using karaoke records as backing tracks. Karaoke was

very popular in the '70s in Japan, and at that time they were throwing away a lot of records, changing to cartridge tapes, so my friend sent them to me.

NG: *Did that exist then in London, like karaoke bars? Or was that a new thing?*

KH: They didn't know the word karaoke in the early '80s. But it started to spread, and we made a TV program called *Kazuko's Karaoke Club* where we did a chat show, and the guests had to sing karaoke songs.

KH: I find it's still serious. Too serious for me! I went to one of those private karaoke rooms, two years ago when I was in Japan, because my son's friends' family were very keen. It was a family event but people really want to sing well! They don't enjoy making a fool of themselves, which they do in England.

KT: There's people that before they go to a karaoke club with other people, they go to their own karaoke box by themselves! (laughs)

NG: *You said it was a bit embarrassing to play at Vancouver Folk Festival because of your backing tracks, which is a very different style from the other music. Do you both have any other funny memories of unusual places you've performed?*

KH: We played on the roof of a hotel in the Cannes Film Festival (laughs).

KT: It was a launch party or something in 1988 I think. We were sort of like a circus, people were saying.

KH: It was raining a lot, very slippery.

KT: We did a TV program called "South of Watford" where they planned a gig in Milton Keynes, which is a sort of business area with many Japanese companies. They invited Japanese companies, business people and families, and we sang in front of them.

NG: *Oh wow. Did they like it?*

KT: I don't know but one lady was very brave. She came to say it was brilliant, so at least one person liked it! But when we started to sing "Sake Ballad" (enka cover), they were kind of shocked.

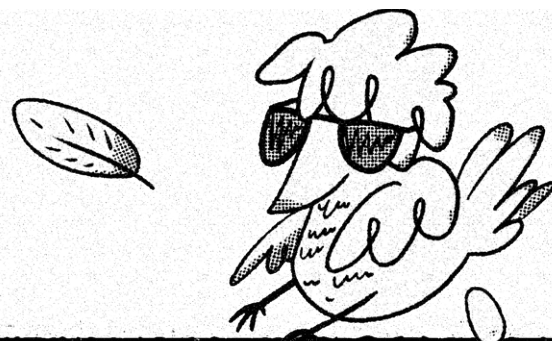
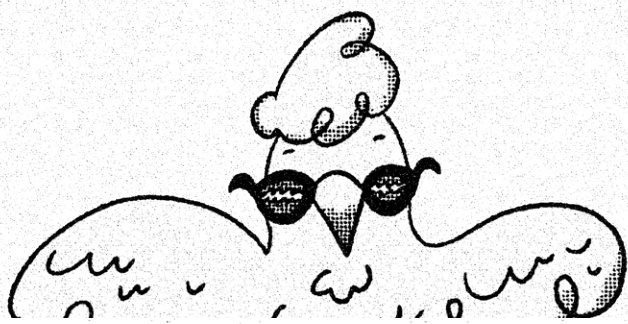
KH: Japanese people don't show so much of what they feel. Their expression is often quite neutral. You have to guess!

NG: *In the 1990 interview Kazuko, you referenced Hong Kong films that inspired your music, like Chinese Ghost Story. You compared their "tough" humor — which helped laugh at and resist the oppression inflicted by colonisation — to Japanese humor, which you said was more "sensitive." Do you still feel this way?*

KH: Oh, did I say that? (laughs)

NG: We have it written down in our 1990 issue!

WORDS BY SOPHIE DIEBOLD AND NOLAN GUILLOUIN / ILLUSTRATIONS BY RHI FORSYTH / PHOTOS COURTESY OF KAZUKO HOHKI AND KAZUMI TAGUCHI



KH: Well, I think Japanese are quite humorous! I really enjoy being with Frank Chickens. Now, Frank Chickens is 20 odd people, mainly Japanese women, and just doing a rehearsal makes me laugh so much because they are so funny! I find that the Japanese women in Frank Chickens are so brilliant. Maybe it's a bit different from English humor. There's a very unique aspect in Japanese humor, maybe a bit more slapstick, more absurd, more Dada.

NG: What do you think about the role of humor and art in politics?

KH: Do you know Billy Bragg? He's very political and he makes lots of speeches when he has a concert, and it's all really funny, which can entice people to think more politically. When we make political statements, we don't want to be a preacher. We want to entertain and communicate our ideas through entertainment. But a good artist doesn't necessarily become a good politician. Like Boris Johnson. He was a good entertainer and a good comedian, but he wasn't a good politician.

KT: Personally, I learned politics through music, with Frank Chickens you know, anti-apartheid and miners and all those protests, CND — it was through music. I remember one gig we did, like comedians, musicians, all together, supporting the miner strikes. You don't feel that you are being so political but just being there, the experience was very political.

KH: Yes, it's nice to be in a community where you feel the values are similar, isn't it?

SD: What does Frank Chickens mean to you, what does it mean to get chickenized?

KT: Fun, energizing, and where you can be as silly as possible. And also, you know, it's about the female power together.

KH: People say that they get moved by our commitment. I mean, it doesn't necessarily mean we spend lots of time rehearsing. But when we do things, our commitment is quite high, I believe. I think that's why people are moved by it

— because we are not trained dancers or anything but our commitment is quite big on stage.

NG: Can you tell us about your biggest inspirations?

KH: Oh yeah, Haruomi Hosono. Always quite a big influence for us.

KT: And Ryuichi Sakamoto, he studied

gathered because we believe in the similar aesthetics and values. I love it.

NG: Yeah and it seems like you can do more theatrical stuff with more people, like the giant caterpillar. That looks like a lot of fun. What other things are keeping you busy these days?

KH: We now have a festival, which we run every year called *Ura Matsuri*. Ura is



Okinawan music, he did Neo Geo in France with the three Okinawan singers. So, you know he was another inspirational figure.

SD: How are things different now that Frank Chickens has more than 20 people?

KH: Chickens became like a community group. I do love that. We are a community, and we are collecting — well, we are sort of stopping collecting, because we can't have any more people (laughs). But we

alternative, Matsuri is a Japanese community festival. We started it because we felt there are not many platforms for Japanese artists in the UK. So we thought; 'we can show our work and our friends' work, not only Japanese, but East and South East Asian friends also.' And it was very successful!

SD: Do you see Frank Chickens as something that you can pass onto future generations?

KH: I hope so. I started thinking — what if I stop functioning, how do we continue? I mean, I don't want to leave the stage. I can be on the stage somewhere, like in the corner (laughs). But others can do energetic things.

KT: Before we had this festival, we participated in something called Fun Palace with origami workshops to make paper shurikens and then ninja dance workshops. Kazuko and two other members taught ninja dance to young people.

KH: Oh, yeah, very young, five or four! They were great!

SD: How are things different now that we're in the digital age?

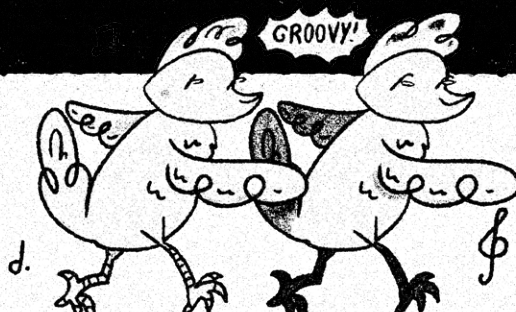
KH: I feel I'm very behind. I still don't know how to actually use Instagram but we have a young member in Frank Chickens, so I kind of delegated that to her.

KT: In the '80s, video was up and coming. Now you can film your rehearsal and the person who didn't come can see... and then you can practice by yourself as well.

SD: So what does the name "Frank Chickens" actually mean, why are you called that?

KH: No idea! We got the name from a Japanese pencil. The Japanese pencil had Frank Chickens written on it with three chickens going to fight.

We said our goodbyes, reassured by the fact that Frank Chickens is alive and well, refusing to slow down with their all-out performances, while inspiring new generations and bringing together diasporic communities of misfits in London. We were also convinced that the beautiful Frank Chickens-esque absurdity might be the antidote to turmoil. ☺



I'm not going to hold your hand, you know what live music is, but I will hold your ears and tune them towards the fresh sonic schmooze emanating from 10,000 local backyards, a no-win-dow-cinder practice room, and your friend Sarah's sister's lockout studio. You can jump inside an instrument, shove your face against the bare fret of a Les Paul, export yourself into a Free Lossless Audio Codec from your digital audio workstation of choice; in this Hammond B3 Organ Cistern that is postmodern life, you can YouTube down a concert footage rabbit hole and trade Bitcoin for a musician's entire back catalogue. You can download a car these days, but you cannot compete in the 40-year-long musical canon that is Vancouver's historical battle of the bands, *Shindig* (stylized *SHINDIG*), via any of these aforementioned activities. No, for this, you have to sweat (it's only sweat) and pay cover (NOTAFLOF) and you can witness 16 of the latest and greatest in a kind-of musical agora, creating by virtue of competing.

Shindig is based — battling our bands an entire decade before Toronto promotions company, Supernova Interactive, bought the registered trademark for 'battle of the bands.' A dearly loved phenomenon appearing in generation-defining classics such as *Freaky Friday*, *School of Rock*,



CITR 101.9 FM & DISORDER MAGAZINE PRESENT... SHINDIG 2024 made with 100% certified local talent!



Words by Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton
Photos by Mika Kao
illustrations by Yuko Yajima

are one-of-a-kind. I know this because I really, really, really wanted to love another's. There will always be detractors for devotees, and naysayers for all the benefactors, so I am semi-charmed by how Red Gate is packed to the brim with a host of Shindiggers on a scruffy Tuesday, wearing its secondhand leathers, and it is upon no mind-boggling politics, heavily obfuscated pretense or jumpscare dilettante mega-donor that this is hinged. I learnt the hard way not to take this for granted.

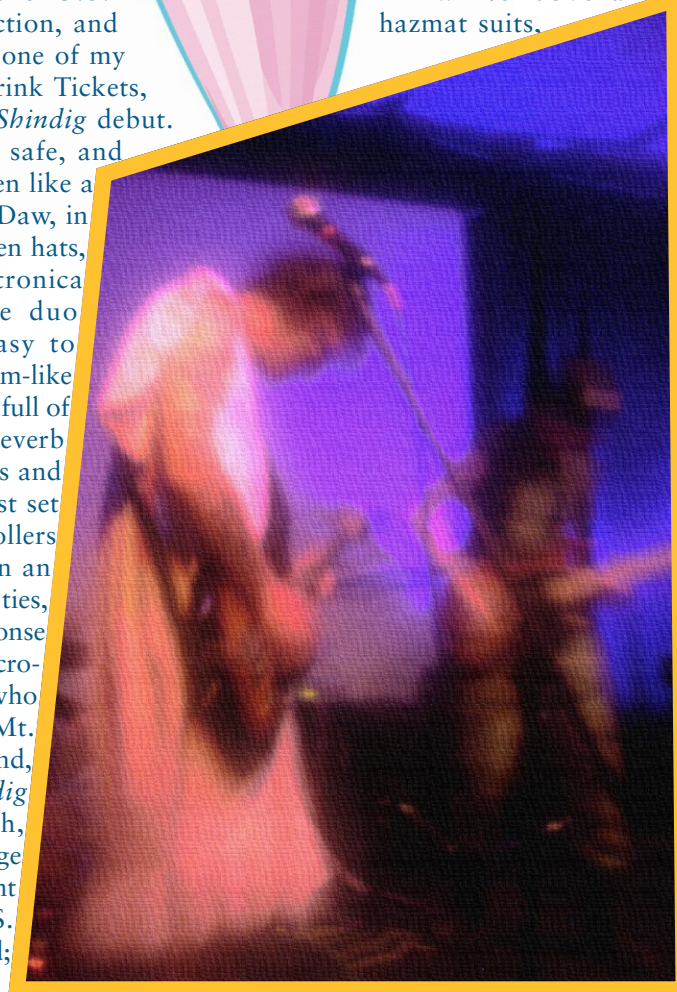
heeding not only the inaugural *Shindig* of the year, but what feels like the world that stands before us.

On night two, four-piece Wiles flashes in fuschia, vocalist Kate Cunningham waxes and wanes lyrical romantic folk-rock over a shining guitar shuffle. Deocera then takes the stage with a velvet warmth and unhurried intimacy emblematic of speakeasy music lounges from a bygone era. The duo Infidelity are fitted out in white coverall hazmat suits.

and Scott Pilgrim (Sex Bob-omb wins the Toronto International Battle of the Bands) and dare I add *My Little Pony Equestria Girls: Rainbow Rocks*, the straight-to-streaming newcomer *Metal Lords* and titular song from rapper Destroy Lonely. The romance, drama, pomp and circumstance of this fated annual live music competition has earned *Shindig* a semi-cult status.

There's a city on all of our screens, and I'm not entirely sure it's so-called Vancouver. In the era of the algorithm-loving blight that is 'Mass Bushwick,' I am going to take a second to be vulnerable with you. I have gone searching for a better scene and returned knowing we

November 5 2024 — 'tis the night of the U.S. Presidential Election, and a car accident prevents one of my favourite bands, The Drink Tickets, from performing their *Shindig* debut. Thankfully everyone is safe, and night one still bursts open like a firework with 2 Girls 1 Daw, in emojified purple and green hats, their gooey hyperpop-tronica ricochets between the duo and the crowd. It's easy to absorb into the heady, jam-like luscious world of WACK full of entrancing hypnagogic reverb and calypso style grooves and pulses, before it's the last set of the night. Rock 'n' rollers PINCH are assembled in an evening gown and black ties, they lead a call-and-response chant into their SM58 microphones about 'soyboys' who are allegedly found in Mt. Pleasant. At the night's end, I join a group of *Shindig* stragglers heading south, on a post-show pilgrimage to The Lido to nurse a pint of Guinness as the U.S. Election results are called;



punching in a euphoric erratic burst of heavy, glitchy basslines, reminiscent of 100 Gecs' "Billy Knows Jamie." Next act, Bill Can, bring out performers wearing hi-vis construction worker garb to perform an in-audience concept art piece complete with hardhats and hammers, back on stage Bill Can launches into their trotting, fast-paced polyrhythmic jangle rock with a dollop of egg punk vocal sensibilities. As Bill Can careens and twists out of the Red Gate PA system, the band's construction workers stage their final act consisting of hammer blows against a plywood square, thus concluding the second night of *Shindig*.

An inclement bombogenesis cyclone topples a tree on the 84 Bus line enroute to *Shindig* night three, but it's quickly forgotten with Francis Baptiste's sprawling sound. A deeply atmospheric guitar cascades through the environs, as it builds to a crescendo that's like walking through open fields of light. Slow-dancers silhouetted by a Calibri font projection reading Francis Baptiste embrace each other, we are all dancing in the eye of a storm. I break away momentarily, descending into the backrooms, to beg Red Gate extraordinaire Ana Rose Carrico for AA camera batteries. Outside the bomb cyclone breaches the smoking area, I peek outside as someone show-and-

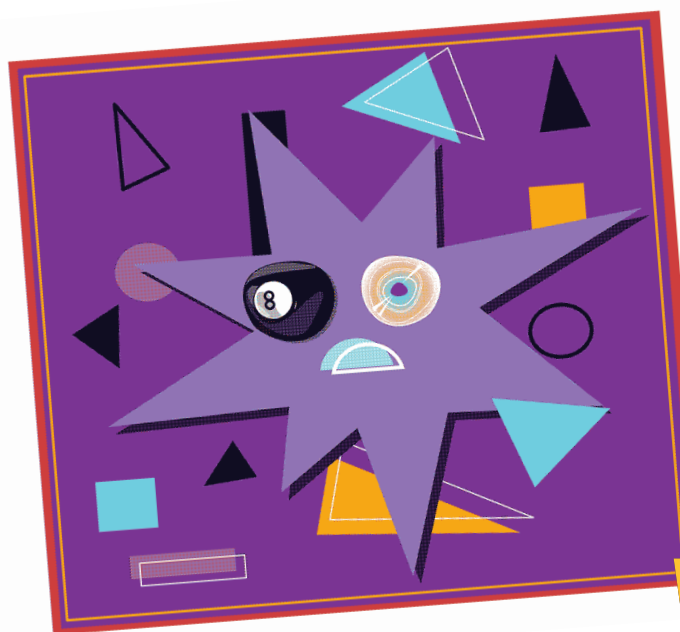


tells their Indonesian cigarette over the howls of November winds. I wait with bated breath for the expired camera batteries to display signs of life. I can hear Baptiste dedicate a song to his ex-wife and I wonder how many songs have been sung at Red Gate exclusively about ex-wives. Sunny Daydream, FKA Sad China, takes the stage, their cherry red heart-shaped glasses brings me back to the cultural iconography of the early '10s, infused with unblemished optimism. My favourite song of theirs, "ilyimy2 - Tough Sell Remix" an electropop ode to patience and good things coming to those who wait, reverberates around the soft membrane of my head long after they exit the stage. Dressed in a white frock for the closing set, vocalist Grace Mural of ?NUMB?DAME? fame grips a torn note in-front of her face. The trio delicately command the room

immersing everyone into an aural land acknowledgement before erupting into rapturous harmonic dissonance, slacker-rock imbued with contagious caustic energy. As the band is striking their gear I strike up a post-show conversation with an elated Mural, sharing that during the opening bars of "I Love Lesbians" ?NUMB?DAME? fans, seemingly upon recognition of the track, started making out with lesbians amidst the crowd. As night three closes, the storm rages on, and the energy of the crowd continues to linger in the air.

I've been listening to "pink power ranger" by houseguest since April, it's nearing the end of November, so it's regrettably sad they are unwell and unable to play tonight. The Goat String Orchestra's plucky bluegrass arrangements are grounding, yet expansive, lifting my spirits. Fretgau ushers in intimate and wispy bedroom pop on a self-built rig complete with a microKORG synth. GRDN Collective invigorates more than just the botanical senses with their deep grooves set against explosive drumming bringing forth their own kind of danceable and delicious electro nu-jazz fusion. As they play through songs from their debut album, *The Flowers Are Blooming in Antarctica*, their sound-reactive lights on the front of their digital

full-face masks glow and flash, fusing the organic and the synthetic. Dancers in the crowd cavort with ease, there's no need to talcum powder your soles, when GRDN Collective are rhapsodic like this. Attracted to the neon green glow, over by the merch table, where *Shindig*-goers have congregated like fruit flies, I peer through a natural gap formed between bodies. "GRDN COLLECTIVE ~MERCH~ \$10 STRAWBERRY PLANTS, all purchases come with a FREE home-grown joint :)" Whilst the crowd is silly off the GRDN Collective weed, I steal a view from side stage and bump into the next act, Felonious Parker. It's at this deciding moment, the projector flashes a still image of the liminal water-feature spiral-staircase from the foyer of Gastown's Woodward's Building. My jaw drops and continues to hang open. The Woodward's atrium is a notorious Vancouver architectural



Vancouver self-reference and scene setting, as a resonant ominous voice begins instructing the audience, "[not to engage] in acts of freedom," less be warned of 'Billy Eyeless' — a parody villainized Billie Eilish crafted by Parker. This absurdist and disorienting, yet make no mistake, expertly lucid introduction, captures my imagination. With no extra beats, Felonious Parker saunters on stage sporting a full-face rhinestone embellished mask, microphone in hand, rapping to mid-tempo EDM synth-wave trap. I haven't felt an uncomplicated glee like this since a Shitlord Fuckerman gig a couple years back. I'm putting conscious effort to commit this to memory, so I can tell everyone about the true phantasmagorical nature of what I just witnessed. You can tell something is particular and special when it feels more like a need than a want to share it.

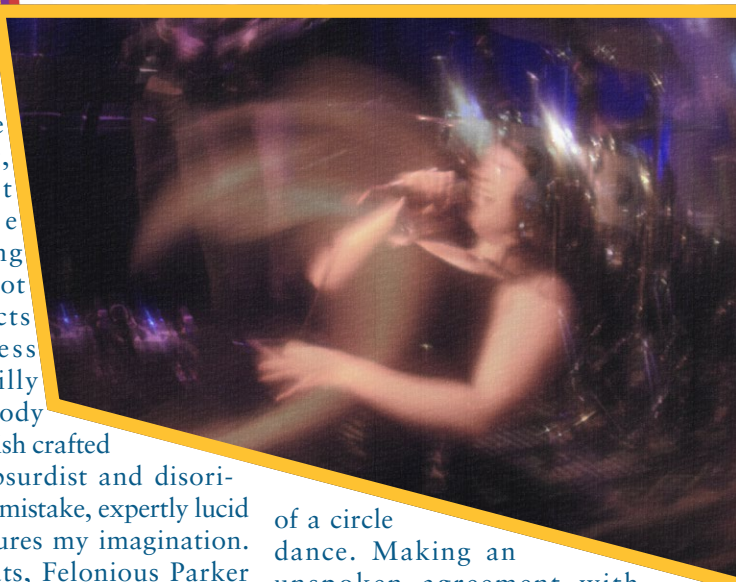
It's the end of the first week of the last month of 2024. I am chased down Princess Avenue on a dark and stormy night — my bus does not come, so I stare up at the sky, the drops of water illuminate down on me; there is this pervasive fraudulent belief that music is made for a society, what *Shindig* has affirmed, is that it's made by it.

It's December 6, the finale of *Shindig*, these four frenetic weeks culminating on the penultimate night of Taylor Swift's own Eras Tour finale in Vancouver. Within the last 48 hours we collectively found out about the UnitedHealthcare shooting, and in my Pacific rain-soaked denim-on-denim, I swing through Red Gate's doors like they're saloon doors, barely anchoring myself to the solemnity of it all.

Inside — there are no machete cleaved pig's heads à la *Shindig* 1990 or pissing on floors, courtesy of the 1982 final pre-*Shindig* battle of the bands hosted at The Pit, but I am acutely aware it's this potentiality, to piss on the floor, to display blood and guts, which blew open the *Shindig* doors near and dear to our scene. 2024's *Shindig* is tame through the distortion of a rearview mirror, but this inversion struck me, that this city's longest

amalgam, the two-fer water staircase situation (which is beamed up on the Red Gate projector right now) is adjacent to a colossal Stan Douglas riot lightbox combo basketball court (and Nester's Market.) I am stunned by this perfect

running battle of the bands is made and remade from scratch every year, it becomes simply what we creatively need, and subconsciously curate. In times of perceived madness, *Shindig* is a consistent beacon calling out to you. In times of stifling boredom, it will explode your head, or a Save-On-Foods' pig's head. When feeling unmoored and adrift, we can reach through the halcyon annals of this multi-decade competition using good 'ol live music. How whimsical to converse with time? How lucky to measure with a *Shindig* sized yardstick... I interlock arms with my friends, beginning the gambol



of a circle dance. Making an unspoken agreement with our eyes, to not stop spinning until the harmonica stops singing, The Goat String Orchestra are palpable crowd favourites. Francis Baptiste's palette of melodic guitar strikes liquid gold for his final show. The Infidelity set is moreish in a way I thought only American food could be, a kind-of sonic rival for the perfect deli sandwich, a bodega chopped cheese on a hero roll, and ?NUMB?DAME? has never sounded better, during their closing song, the front section of the crowd emphasize the sibilant ending of "GOOD LUCK (IS FOR SUCKERS)" and for ?NUMB?DAME? it's true the three-piece did not need any extra good luck tonight. As the whole winner deliberation unfolds, the crowd releases an effervescent fizz, the chatter — like a shaken Cola can — buzzes all around me. Two people gush and giggle about how their partners played on stage, a lone voice chides humorous pietistic remarks on the sanctity of music, a coterie of friends find each other in the crowd, with their own kind of deliberation and ultimatum ensuing, "They like have to win tonight otherwise... like... I'm never coming to Redgate again." CiTR Radio's beloved emcees Alex Haddon and Harmela enter stage right accoutered with beaming smiles, the 2024 installment of *Shindig* is on the precipice of conclusion, soon to garland a band with a Fanta Records release. They announce ?NUMB?DAME? wins, the crowd cheering, the band exclaiming, some fizzling out to the smoking area, and I find myself in place wondering about those friends and the band they were so seriously rooting for — hoping they can still, in fact, return to Redgate in the not-so-distant future. ●

After mistakenly going to the wrong hotel, I entered the second buzzing, fluorescent lobby to find nOrikO melding into a couch near the fireplace. Under the stage name POISON GiRL FRiEND, nOrikO has been releasing music since the '80's, but has been the subject of recent nostalgia and curiosity. Her music is genuine and intriguing, and it made me want to know more about the person behind it.

nOrikO's voice was so soft that I was worried my microphone wouldn't pick it up. Not only that, but our conversation was interrupted several times by crashing plates, unsupervised children, and nOrikO herself, stopping to admire my nails.

Nevertheless, I asked my questions, she answered them, and we giggled.

Audrey: The first thing I wanted to ask is about your track, "HARDLY EVER SMILE (without you)." It was the first song I learned on the drums! Are those drums a sample?

nOrikO: Yeah. Sample. Because, have you heard the original?

A: The demo?

n: That one. For this album I wanted it to be more techno kind of rhythm. My record company A&R introduced me to a producer called CMJK, who specialises in techno.

A: What's your thought process when creating drums for a song? Do you think mainly about texture?

n: Not texture, just feeling.

A: I wanted to ask about reissuing 1992's Melting Moment on vinyl. What is the thought process that goes into reissuing an older album?

n: Oh... the Japanese label Sad Disco licensed for it, but I didn't know. So it suddenly happened and I had to sign for it. It was very amazing and surprising.

A: So you didn't know it was being reissued until they told you? How did that feel?

n: No! Just surprising, it was 30 years ago.

A: Do you see yourself reissuing any of your other albums on vinyl in the near future?

n: Um maybe, because people love vinyl!

A: You've been making music for a while now. How do you sustain your relationship with your music despite having been in the industry for so many years? Do you find that your relationship with your music has shifted?

n: Even in Japanese it's difficult to describe [laughs]. I don't have a record contract now. I do it all my way... sometimes I don't make music for a period, or I don't have any live DJ for a period. [It's more] natural this way, sometimes I feel I want to make music nowwww. Otherwise, I don't want to make music and perform because I'm very shy to people, and fans. Being POISON GiRL FRiEND, you have to be very tough. So it's very difficult, and so sometimes yes I'm POISON GiRL FRiEND but other times, I'm just taking care of my cat.

A: Remind me of your cat's name?

n: Cello.

A: It's good to be able to make music when you want to.

n: Mhm. If I joined the big musical industry, I would have to work, work, work. Instead, I did it my way.

A: I love your website. I think it's really cool that you use HTML as a means of creative expression. Do you want to talk more about how you chose to create it?

n: Thank you, I made it in 1995 or 96, and Internet was just begun- I read some books, and I learned HTML. And I did it myself. It was very amazing. It was very fun to me. At the moment, a website is a bit old-fashioned. Many people love instagram or Facebook, so I didn't think anyone still visit my old website [laughs].

nOrikO's website psychopla.net features several FAQ pages that display her playful personality, so I created my own series of questions to lighten the conversation a little:

A: You have an FAQ section on your website, so I prepared this mini FAQ for you. What is your favorite plant?

n: Flower? Tulip.

POISON GiRL FRiEND



words and photos by Audrey Reich



illustration by Scotia Barry



A: What's your favorite season?

n: Season? Autumn. Now.

A: Do you believe in ghosts?

n: Ghosts? Maybe. [laugh]

A: What was your favorite subject in school?

N: In school?... Uh, I don't like the word school.

A: You don't like school?

n: [laughter] no.

A: That's fair.

Do you have a favorite album artwork, either of yours or someone else's?

n: Maybe the Smiths. My look is influenced by the Smiths. They use old photos, and play with changing color and font.

A: I'm really curious about your art direction. What is your approach to choosing album covers or promo photos?

n: I can't draw or paint or illustrate. I really want to, but I can't, so... I'm very interested in color and font though.

A: How has that changed over the course of your career? The album covers for your first few albums — like Melting Moment or Love Me — are very overexposed and have a very distinct look to them, while your later albums have a much different look.

n: Working with a record company, there is a designer I worked with. It's not only my decision, the record company [told me what] would be good. Since then it's changed a bit... but final decision is for me.

A: Have you had more control over it in your more recent albums?

n: Yeah, yes. Sometimes album art is just [because I have to] because I want to just make music, I think I must collaborate with any artist for cover art.

A: Speaking of "The October Country" — it's interesting listening to a couple of your newer albums, and then hearing that song and then going back to your older stuff, because I feel like I see a lot of parallels between "The October Country" and your older music. Is that intentional? Is that something you want to return to?

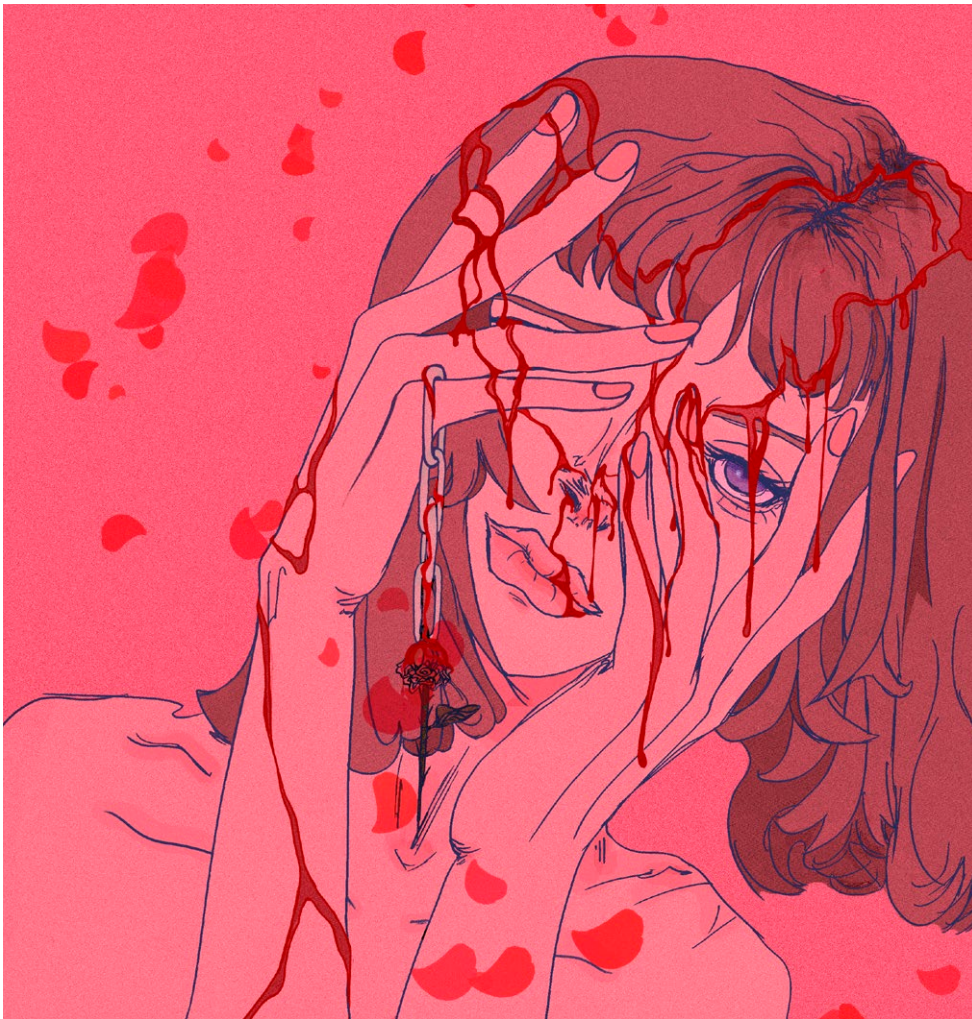
n: I think it's very POiSON GiRL FRiEND song. Maybe not [many] people will like "The October Country". But if you like POiSON GiRL FRiEND, maybe you will like this song. A POiSON GiRL FRiEND song is a bit different from any pop song.

A: I also want to ask about your "So Many Ways" collab with Kiss Facility. How did that come about?

n: Sega Bodega directly contacted me and

he had a plan to come to Japan, so we emailed. At the moment Sega and Maya had just started playing music together as Kiss Facility and both were fans of POiSON GiRL FRiEND, so they asked me to collaborate with them on something. So I sent them my vocal idea[s] and let them choose whatever they wanted.

A: In some of your interviews you talk about being a very shy person. But then, in your music, you talk about very intense, very emotional, very raw things.



So, I'm curious about the relationship between being such a shy person and expressing these strong feelings in your music.

n: It's very difficult to say. I'm kind of extreme person I think. Everything has to be white and black. If you love me, you love me all. But if you like me, please leave me. [laughs] It's very all or nothing. I'm very... complicated.

A: Yeah, you've talked about being a strong personality, and you've said your goal is to just express. To be yourself. But then also, you say you feel like you take on a different persona when you start singing. So do you feel like the persona of POiSON GiRL FRiEND is another version of you? Does that bring you closer to being yourself or further away?

n: Sometimes I'm acting. Because when I create music for POiSON GiRL FRiEND, I have some rules in mind. I think I'm very strict for making everything. When I'm not under the name of POiSON GiRL FRiEND, just a singer, or as a collaborator, [it's different]. In collaboration work, I don't use my POiSON GiRL FRiEND rules.

A: That's really interesting then, that you say you break your rules when you're collaborating, cause that puts you in a

really weird space where you're neither yourself nor POiSON GiRL FRiEND. You're kind of in-between. How does it feel to be not necessarily POiSON GiRL FRiEND but not necessarily nOriKO?

n: Hard to answer. Even in Japanese [laughs]. When someone asks to collaborate, and I give some idea of my voice, [I go] 'just use as you like,' but for POiSON GiRL FRiEND work, I can't do this. Because it's for me. I make all the final mixdown decisions. But for example, in

I thanked her, gave her a copy of the latest Discorder, and we parted.

The show was the next night, and it was incredible. Her songs sounded just as they did in their recordings, and nOriKO's whimsical stage presence brought a warmth and playfulness into The Crocodile. For the backing track of one song, she held the speaker of her phone, suspended in a plastic Jack-o-lantern purse, up against the microphone.

I kept thinking about what nOriKO had said about it being difficult for a shy personality to be comfortable with having fans, and how it must feel to perform to a room full of people younger than her music. We kept making eye contact throughout the show, and I was glad to have gotten to know nOriKO before seeing POiSON GiRL FRiEND perform. There was not one point where I felt like that shyness manifested itself as a desire to close herself off. She repeatedly thanked the audience with the same smile I had seen while talking with her. After the show, she pretended to go off stage and then came back for two separate, multi-song encores. The show concluded with nOriKO taking a group photo with the audience. ☺

POiSON GiRL FRiEND

recommends you listen to
these albums immediately

Tweaks
Move San, Lèt Gate

Salami Rose Joe Louis
Akousmatikous

CiTR & Disorder



then

Meşavine



Credit where credit is due

pg. 16

- photo of The Evaporators, February 1990, by Scott Livingstone
- photo of the official CiTR Launch, 1989 by Dee Martin

pg. 17

- photo of 2025 CiTR student executive and programming manager w. Nardwuar, January 2025, by Celina Koops, art direction by Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton
- photo recreation of official CiTR Launch, January 2025, by Coraline Thomas. Illustration overlay by Thea Flora. Art direction by Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton



and



now!

おとぼけビ〜バ〜 otoboke beaver

Sled Island 2025 Guest Curator



Sled Island

Presented by  connectFirst
credit union

SATURDAY JUNE 21, 2025

THE PALACE THEATRE
219 8 AVE SW

\$45 AT SLEDISLAND.COM

DOORS AT 6:30 PM
SHOW AT 7:30 PM

Festival passes grant entry, subject to capacity.
Get passes and tickets at SledIsland.com

THE
PALACE THEATRE
EST. 1921



@sledisland

SLED ISLAND MUSIC & ARTS FESTIVAL | JUNE 18 - 22, 2025 | CALGARY, AB



Structured / Abstraction





CITR101.9 FM & Disorder Magazine present

FUNDRIVE 2025



LIVE MUSIC FROM AKA SUBLIME & DJ P-FRANK • KARAOKE • SILENT AUCTION
\$10 P.W.Y.C • MOODSWING COFFEE/BAR, 655 street New West

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

PERFORMERS

SHOW ME YOUR MOVES

01	SHOW ME YOUR MOVES	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028	1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	1036	1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044	1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052	1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	1058	1059	1060	1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068	1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076	1077	1078	1079	1080	1081	1082	1083	1084	1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092	1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124
----	--------------------	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------

SundayMondayTuesdayWednesdayThursdayFridaySaturday

12345678910111213141516171819202122232425262728293031

MONTH ART BY THE STUDENT EXEC OF CTR							
02	03	04	05	06	07	08	
· Dawn Richard/Spencer Zahn @ St. James Hall · Connor Price @ Harbour Events Centre · Orion's Belte @ The Pearl		· Soccer Mommy @ Vogue Theatre	· Asal @ Biltmore Cabaret · SKEGGS @ Vogue Theatre · Ignite @ WISE	· Fink @ Fox Cabaret · Emei @ Biltmore Cabaret · Joy Oladokun @ Commodore · Blu&Exile/Spark Houston @ Hollywood Theatre ·	· Phil Hanley @ Vogue Theatre · Grade School/Kerri Carruthers/Lincoln Hotchen @ Green Auto	· Phil Hanley @ Vogue Theatre · Five Alarm Funk @ Commodore · Devours/Maneater/PISS @ Rickshaw Theatre · The Vanrays/Abel Collective @ Red Gate	· Treat Show Comedy @ China Cloud
09	10	11	12	13	14	15	
· Nick Lowe/Los Straitjackets @ Vogue Theatre		· mxmtoon @ Vogue Theatre · Shane Todd @ Biltmore Cabaret · Hillsboro/Kilroi/Quarter Concious/Ghool @ Green Auto		· BOB LOG III @ Biltmore Cabaret · Trevor Wallace @ Vogue Theatre	· Wolf Parade @ Vogue Theatre · Neriah @ The Pearl	· Lime Cordiale @ Vogue Theatre · The Cactus Blossoms @ Biltmore Cabaret · Stephen Fearing/The Sentimentals @ St. James Community Centre	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
· Devon Cole @ Biltmore Cabaret · Oneida @ Green Auto			· Koffin Kats/The Last Gang @ WISE	· Diamond Cafe @ Biltmore Cabaret	· Pure Love Eternal Peace/Worse/Guile/Dirge @ Green Auto	· Rachel Scanlon @ Biltmore Cabaret · David Cross @ Vogue Theatre · Good Comedy @ China Cloud · Naked Giants @ WISE	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
· The Reubens @ Biltmore Cabaret · Lucy MacNeil Trio @ St. James Community Centre	· Palace @ Vogue Theatre	· The Linda Lindas @ Vogue Theatre	· Nish Kumar @ Rio Theatre	· Nish Kumar @ Little Mountain Gallery	· Hinds/Mamalarky @ WISE	· Caravan Palace @ Vogue Theatre · The Wellermen @ Biltmore Cabaret	
30	31						
· Kristin Key @ Rio Theatre · Ora Cogan @ Green Auto	· Daniel Seavey @ Biltmore Cabaret						

6 WEEK MONTHS MAKE FOR RIDICULOUS CALENDARS

discothrash
#16
Italian Cookies
Lorne Putman

illustration by
r. Hester



Part I: Paris

This wasn't Paris; I see no fun in your games.
Weakness bled from my bloodshot eyes; they later lowered in
shame. I will laugh about anything, as long as it's funny.

Instead of haughty humor, my nose is just runny.
My nose is runny with my body's haughty humors.
Nothing is funny, I am laughing at anything.
In my mind's mirror, my eyes are sunk in a sea of shame.
This isn't fun; I see no Paris in your games.

Part II: Hero

Fighting the mental fog of Cheeto dust, I pick a showing.
Griselda looks good, or rather, *Sofia Vergara* looks good.
For the same reason I can't say no to Bollywood, I stomach
a long intro. I see the abuse the rolling tongues warned me
about with clerical clarity. Yelling at the screen, I tell
Griselda to fight her way out; to just say no. Seeing her
arms go limp and her screams sound silent, I see myself in
the hero.

Limp arms and silent pounding screams search for the hero
in myself. The screen yells at me; *Griselda* is too fighting
her way out.

I think of the rolling tongues; that though Catholic, were
in a vulgate I couldn't understand.

Griselda looks good, *Sofia Vergara* looks rather good.
I pick through the fog, fighting any emotional showing.

Part III: Grandma's cookies

The child sees themselves in the hero except better; maybe
villain and never victim - what else is there?

I scoffed at the dilemmas the mature extrapolated on grainy
TV's; my constitution reflected back clean.

A silent, easy target stood opposite of me; she lay crying
beside the limbo. Decades later, her Mexican wedding cakes
were sweetened with pain.

Grandma baked her pain into the Mexican wedding cake cookies-
shortbread with dry cherries.

In her silence and reliance I saw the opposite of myself;
she couldn't limbo the low bar. Maturing I grew assured of my
superior constitution, seeing TV dramas as fool's dilemmas.
Adulthood is seeing yourself in the villain and victim;
what's left? A hero would've won by now.

Part IV: Coda

Michael Corleone couldn't free himself from his family.
Free of himself, Michael Corleone was his family.



HANGING IN THERE / THE FURRR TREE DIARIES

How one city cat spent
six weeks in a tree.

words by Dalmar Yusuf
(Mr. Furr's manager)
illustrations by Calla Campbell

Before he fell off of that douglas fir, and before he'd disappeared for six weeks, Whisker Leigh Furr had it all: love, prospects, catnip, an SPCA sponsorship, and an unpaid gig hosting the highly successful R&B/Soul radio show, *Meow Meow Kitty Girl Kitty Girl Purr*. Aiming to show the changing definitions of R&B/Soul across the decades, Mr. Furr showcased a different "diva" every other week from 6-8pm. That was until three months ago, when he went missing shortly before the airing of what would've been his third episode. While the official story so far has been that Mr. Furr slipped from that tree at Jericho Beach, many on the internet — particularly the r/Vancouver subreddit — have speculated he was pushed.

Today, largely recovered from his injuries, yet continuing to sport his bandages, Mr. Furr has decided to take matters into his own paws. He says his time on the tree was not a tail of misfortune or fowl play, but one of simple heartbreak. In lieu of a traditional interview, where his words could be misconstrued, he has decided to publish his diary, containing intimate reflections as he wrote them on that tree. Unfiltered. Unedited.

How could an indoor cat survive away from his loved ones for 42 days straight? What did he eat? Who did he love? How could anyone's cries go unnoticed above one of Vancouver's busiest beaches? Where were the adults? All that and more in *The Furr Tree Diaries*.



Nov 20

Dear Diary, Ernesto has gone missing. We've been seeing each other for a few months, and I had just gone to his tree for the first time. My neck brace had just been taken off and I was able to climb trees again. A few days ago, Ernesto told me he needed to deliver something important to a friend in Burnaby and hasn't been back since. It's been 3 days. I don't know what to do. I can't just jump off and none of the squirrels or the crows have phones — hippies. They don't even speak human. A trip to Burnaby is no more than a few hours. I'm starting to worry. He's a writer and has a few empty notebooks lying around. Maybe I'll keep this diary until he comes home.

Nov 21

Ernie's been gone for a week now. I was supposed to see Tinashe's DJ set today with my manager, but instead I'm here. I've tried to make myself comfortable, but my chest has been in knots. All my phones (7), my smartwatch, my tablet and my walkie-talkie have run out of battery. Yesterday I tried calling some friends and none of them picked up. I haven't stopped licking myself.

Nov 22

We first met outside the VCA Cat's Only Animal Hospital. I was smoking. It was almost like the smoke pit at a punk show, but far less pathetic, and my neck was actually broken. They let me out for some air after surgery and he was standing there whistling. He was a magpie, but it was clear that he had some woodpecker in him. He just looked so charming. Maybe it was the meds they put me on, but I fell in love instantly. I typically don't go for birds for obvious reasons — but he was just so sentimental and, well, earnest. He asked if he could bum a cheeky fag and the rest was history.

Nov 23

Maybe I should jump off and look for help. No, the vet told me, "no more neck injuries." Besides, I've spent the last week meticulously filing my nails on the bark of this tree. I don't care if I lose a life or if my bones shatter, breaking my nails would ruin me.

Nov 24

In the days before he left, after we'd make love, Ernie would immediately go on his phone, retreat into another room and start pecking away on his wood. He'd tell me he had just gotten inspiration and had to write it down. Maybe he... no. He wouldn't. Ernie wouldn't. I can't think like that.

Nov 26

Sorry, forgot to update this; The squirrels in this tenement have been so friendly. They fetch chestnuts from other parks and we have breakfast together in the mornings. The crows too. They bring me clams and mussels whenever the tide is low. It's easier for me to open them with my nails. I make necklaces for

the crows and the squirrels with some of the shells in the evenings. They even sing to me at sunset. I'd sing too but I sound like a goose without my melodyne. I just wish they could help me find Ernie.

Nov 27

No, I can't jump. Unlike most cats, I can't land on my feet. I learned this after that rancid skunk Kitty Kissinger broke my neck. In my opinion, pushing someone off a balcony after they called you a cougar because you've been fucking a cat two weeks younger than you seems like an admission of guilt. Fuck you Kitty for breaking my neck. At least I landed on her stupid fucking twink. If he wasn't so... well... like that... I could've walked away without a scratch.

Nov 28

Ok maybe it was a bit weird that Ernie insisted I buy him silver tabis for his birthday. His claws wouldn't even fit in those shoes. While I understand the pleasure of collecting shiny things, especially as a magpie, why buy something that's meant to be worn just to look at it? When he left, he placed them in a makeshift sack along with his passport (how bird, no license), his wallet, keys, a pack of Camels, and what appeared to be an engagement ring he told me he stole from a happier man. He looked like a stork with that sack hanging from his beak. My baby. Maybe he went to get the ring resized for me. I should stop worrying. He'll come back. He know where home at.

Nov 29

I've been enjoying it here but I want to go home. I miss my show. In theory the girls here could help me get down. But it would be highly embarrassing if they knew I couldn't land on my feet. I'll wait. I'm sure my friends must be worried.

Nov 30

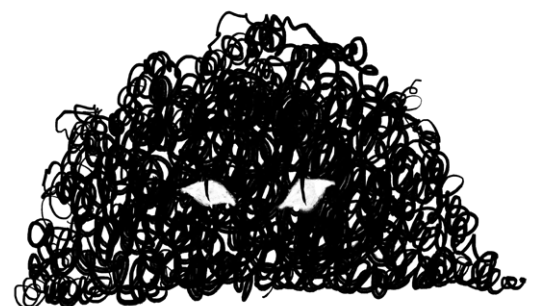
I missed my episode of *Meow Meow Kitty Girl Kitty Girl Purr* today. I was supposed to play Phyllis Hyman. Did my fans even notice I wasn't on the air? What am I doing this for... who even listens to the radio anymore.

Dec 1

Wait a second, where the fuck has my manager been?

Dec 2:

I'm so upset. Why hasn't Ernie come home!!!!!!!!!!!! Why has no one come looking for us!!!!





Dec 3:
I... I just spent the whole day crying. One of the crows came back from a trip to Burnaby today. A little birdie told her that a blue magpie pie with red plumes was seen walking around Bellingham with... with... with a deer. A DEER. She had a fresh set of silver tabis on too. I don't know what to say. Maybe they're just friends.

Dec 4:
I haven't stopped crying. Maybe I should just jump. What's a broken nail to a cat like me? I've fallen farther and suffered worse. Besides, when I was in that brace for 8 weeks everyone said I looked sexier than Kitty.

Dec 5:
I'm still crying. If Kitty Kissinger is reading this: just because you're a cunt puma milf doesn't mean you're not a cougar. I hope I can get off of this stupid tree before your nipple sucker takes me, or whatever drugs baby children like him take. And if I don't, I hope he fails.

Speaking of mecat, what the fuck is mecat? The crows are saying it's like synthetic khat. Do I have to rename my show? I swear I had no idea what meow meant before I started it. And now all of a sudden all these humans wanna do khat? What the fuck is going on. How long has Ernie been seeing this deer...

Dec 6
No, I can't jump. If I fell and lost one of my little lives it would be extremely embarrassing. And pathetic. Over a bird. I would pass away a second time out of shame. I knew he only wanted to take me for a ride. I'm such a fool. Fuck Ernie. Fuck Kitty. Fuck her fucking twink. And fuck this mecat business.

Dec 7
It's the day of the CITER holiday party today. I hope my manager gets pushed off a balcony too. I'm firing him in the new year.

Dec 8
I'm starting to hate clams. I take back what I said about the squirrels. They've been pissing me off. I don't wanna get into it.

Dec 9
Nobody on this tree likes me. They've stopped sharing their nuts. They say I'm too needy and mean... my man just left me for a fucking deer. Have some fucking sympathy. She's probably ugly too. Those tabis cost me my entire pussy and were gigantic. I'm not gonna say what size they were so potential biographers don't feel ashamed... but let's just say they could fit a deer. I hope that big-hoofed skunk is happy with her cheugy fucking tabs.

Dec 10
I'm so hungry. God, what I'd give for some catnip and a lap dance at a cat cafe right now.

Dec 11
I hate people who call themselves writers. Most of the time they can't write for shit. Ernie's no different. He thinks he's fucking Hemingway or something. If only he'd end up in a plane crash. Twice. I never told him I almost puked when he showed me that poem he wrote for me.

Dec 12
It's literally been four fucking weeks now. Why hasn't anyone come looking for me? Should I even be surprised? Half of my friends didn't even come to my birthday party. And half the ones that did all left after that cougar skunk Kitty pushed me. Not one came to visit me in the hospital.

Dec 13
I need to get off this tree. I would've fucked my way through this town already if I wasn't stuck. Come to think of it... no Ernie actually was still fine as fuck, I can't lie. Can't write for shit but he sure could fuck. Maybe I forgive him. Ernie come hommmmmeee I miss you.

Dec 15
Heard through the grapevine they got engaged. ENGAGED. He could've had it all with me. Sure, I may have been lazy and indecisive and bitter and a Libra and a liar and cheated those two or three times when I wasn't supposed to be exercising and forgot our 2 month anniversary and hate all his friends and his hobbies and his interests and his writing and his face in most lighting. But, I love him. And now he's — he's a COWBIRD. With an AMERICAN.



Dec 16
God, I'm so hungry. I haven't had real meat in ages...

Dec 17
I've had enough. Ernie may have been the one to leave me but it was these so-called stupid fucking friends of mine that have broken my heart. I've arranged for the squirrels to send a message out even if they can't speak human. If there is any confusion, I only wrote it that way to help the message arrive sooner. I would never harm a squirrel. Deep down I'm a good cat. I hope a beautiful firefighter comes to rescue me.

Dec 18
I hope they bring me gum. I haven't showered in ages and my breath smells abysmal. What if the firefighter comes and he's put off by the smell and he won't want to kiss me?

Dec 19
Ok, I feel bad. That squirrel didn't deserve to go like that. I'm just sick of clams.

Dec 20
Fuck Ernie and fuck this. He would contribute more to the literary world if they turned his plumes into quills. I'm jumping.

Dec 21
Hairball. I'm not jumping.

Dec 22
I wonder what they're doing now, the two of them. She's probably dreaming of her favourite flowers. Her favourite songs. What tulles will go well with those shoes. Who to invite. He's friends with Kitty's twink. That's why he was at that hospital in the first place. God if that cougar skunk is at their wedding I'll— No. They don't deserve that. Actually... maybe they do...

Dec 24
It's Christmas Eve. The squirrels won't talk to me after what I did. I haven't eaten anything since. The crows forgave me but they're spending the holiday away anyway. Why can't I just jump and be put out of this misery. I can't take it anymore.

Dec 25
I hope he becomes a horrible writer. More than he already is. She'll have to pretend to like his slop forever. Yes. Yes. He'll come to her in the middle of the night after having finished some stupid fucking novela and she'll have to read it in one sitting. She'll have to read it in one sitting and she'll catch a glimpse of those tacky fucking tabis rotting in her closet and she'll think of the

ring he didn't pay for and be reminded of the fact that he left the love of his life to die on a tree for her, and for this, and she'll tell herself she loved reading his stupid fucking book so she can convince herself she didn't waste her life loving a bird who bums cigs off hospital patients.

Yes, that will be my final wish. That she'll love him so much she'll lie to his face until, inevitably, he flies the coop thinking his writing will ever get him anywhere. And all that wax she'll have used to glue those plumes to his balding body will melt. And he'll fall on his way to Seattle. Yes. It will be a marvelous sight.



Dec 26
I'm jumping today. I don't care if I shatter every bone in my meek and fragile body. Or if I end up with [redacted] lives instead of [redacted]. Or if my fucking nails break. I'm jumping. And in the new year I'll go to the wedding. And they'll be married and be happy.

And I'll be happy.

...Mr. Furr did jump off the tree that day. He shattered every bone in his body, laying there for a few minutes before being found by a passerby, who happened to be a sexy firefighter enjoying a stroll. The embarrassment over having not had any gum on paw likely would have stopped his heart, but he managed to pull through. In the fall, all the buccal fat in his cheeks evaporated, as did all of his fine lines and wrinkles. His nose shrunk and his jaw became more defined, as did his ass. Miraculously, the vet determined that he, in fact, did NOT lose any of his [redacted] lives. More importantly, they say his claws survived the incident completely unscathed.

As he continues to recover from a broken heart, Mr. Furr has taken a cruise to Alaska, claiming "he needs to be as far away from any flora or fauna as possible," and was spotted contemplating a brand deal from a logging company. If he ever comes back/is let back on the air, you can catch *Meow Meow Kitty Girl Kitty Girl Purr* every other Caturday from 6-8pm. ☾



Absurdity and Truth:

Jared Joseph's *Danny the Ambulance* is a Fibonacci (Lucid?) Dream

words by Isabelle Whittall / illustrations by Tatiana Yakovleva

For aren't we spiraling? We cannot choose to wake up to this life, yet we do. We find ourselves on this strange, magical earth, surrounded by mirrors. Perhaps the strongest and truest thing we can do is see ourselves in each other, we all deny and defy the realness of reality to *create*, to build our own little dream worlds that carry us to our end. In his novel *Danny the Ambulance* (Shortish Project, 2023) Jared Joseph pictures life as a bar, dream worlds as conversation, and an absurd truth that all names are Danny. Our protagonist is the only character who can tell something is off — or rather, cannot tell that something is not off. He finds himself wheeling asymptotically around and around sanity, stuck in a Stephen King-esque mystery of horror: is the illusion auditory? Visual? Epistemological? Scientific? Metaphysical? We readers cannot tell any more than Danny (is he Danny?) can, but we follow along and to do so is a treat for the soul. Or a pain — it's the same difference, it seems. Joseph leads us through a drunken reverie that asks and answers central human questions about identity and agency: curious minds would do well to dip a toe in the pool of his mind-weaving.

The novel follows Danny, the narrator, who is unnamed but would likely pronounce his name as Danny if prompted. He recounts his conversations and reflections over one evening in The Jury Room, a bar in Santa Cruz. The tone of the novel immediately verges on ominous and does not do much to shrink back from that; the narrator swallows his rising alarm as the Dannys multiply, none of them seeming aware or concerned about their circumstantial anonymity, and in fact none of them confirming that the spectacle is not

simply one inside the narrator's head. Part I has no quotation marks: it is the apex of confusion and blended identity. Part II has quotation marks: we begin to discern some things. Part III is a one-page epilogue which reveals a part-truth and suggests that the narrator may have been the sane one the whole time.

If there is something to subvert, it is done in this novel: my favorite character is a rare non-Danny — a PhD-equivalent intellectual dog named Blackwell who delivers a chilling speech I had to read four times and then paste into my notes app for later. Blackwell emerges right before the quotation marks do, at a point in the novel where I began to feel as intoxicated as the Dannys', suddenly nearly convinced that our intelligence really does pale next to our canine companions. *Danny the Ambulance* is heaven's hell for philosophy majors. It's also a linguistic and semiotic playground, which I found great fun. About a quarter-way through the book our protagonist happens upon a woman, Danny, who tells him that her life's work is ruined because of her work, *Sex Tina*, which is about reclaiming the sestina form, only to have someone else publish the very same thing, entitled *Sexy Tina* instead, before she was able to publish it. Danny is absolutely devastated. The conversation is a play on words and a play on identity: the narrator asks Danny why she is so hurt, and the following conversation ensues: "Well one of us must be copying the other, is what it means. It means one of us came first. And I say But one of us is always copying the other. One of us always came first. That's true regardless" (Joseph 25). The novel is a subtle commentary on the tension between the universal and the

particular- does it matter if this is ours or all of ours? Does it matter if we are one or simply one of?

Not only did the novel have me questioning the big questions, but it lured me somewhere: to read Joseph's work is to engage in a dyadic dance, novel acting and reader acting back, confused, following, becoming. Maybe it's that Mercury was in retrograde during my writing process for this review, but even the technological forces working with me were eerily working against me. Every time I wrote a new sentence, the Word doc would pump out 3-7 more of the first letter of whatever sentence I wrote, always in capitals. Consequently, I had to rewrite and delete way more than necessary. And as it happens, Mercury was in retrograde in the novel, too, which is revealed on page 77. I could really relate to the narrator then: in the most unassuming of places, a dive bar, having the most strongly assuming experiences, and feeling the whole time like the punchline of a cosmic joke. And the novel does not enter the cosmic shyly or with ado. Amidst a casual conversation with the bartender, Danny, about jobs and days and fingernails and stuff, our narrator is let in on the following gem:

"If you want to know a secret, Danny says, I'll tell you it, Danny says. I think to myself how in late antiquity the ancient Egyptians had priests whose sole function was to guard the secret of the universe; their entire job rested on not divulging that secret. The belief was that if they did divulge the secret of the universe, the universe would crumble, it would end. Maybe, I think, one of them told a very very very very very very small portion of that secret, and a very

very very very small portion of the universe crumbled, and that small portion is called The Jury Room, I think."

The casual allusion to an absolute cosmic answer during a busy bar evening in the middle of middles paints a paradox. The universal is reached for, constantly, through the individual. The characters repeatedly ask the narrator to validate things about themselves, to confirm things, engaging in so much assertion and re-checking of facts that it makes them worth less. Insecurity masks a deeper concern: are we anything? Do we possess our qualities? Are they consistent? Does it matter who we are, or that we are, or when we are? It is lovely how much this book thinks for itself and acts for itself. And to me it is in the constant act of saying, 'why not why not why not.' Things really are this in-between sometimes. They really are. We're globalized and isolated and this is still going on! Upon finishing *Danny The Ambulance*, there is a calming sense that our questions of agency, identity, and purpose are endless and perhaps unanswerable — but that asking them is a lifelong joy anyway. ☺



Under Review

MUSIC



Worrywart

hail mary baby

SELF-RELEASED • OCT. 1, 2024

hail mary baby – an album too cute to boot.

Gushing about worrywart’s debut album feels instinctive, so a disclosure is necessary – the members of this band are friends of mine and this review will likely reflect that bias. However, the journey leading to hail mary baby, including its ultimate outcome, is worth far more than a simple puff piece.

With that said, this has not been an easy review to write. It took listening to the album 50 times to get to a place where I felt comfortable with my thoughts. Trying to avoid repeating the same empty praise I set out not to write, brought me right up until the deadline. With little gas left in the tank, on my 51st listen, it hit me that hail mary baby was emotionally guiding the process of reviewing it. Songs about frustration, angst, doubt, quietness and reaching a point where you want to scream (and do) are what make up the entirety of the 37 minute LP.

Singer/producer/writer Ryley Epp sets the scene, opening the record with an intoxicating croon of “home and red wine.” Distorted piano chords welcome you into this dimly lit home, with popping drums slowly turning up the brightness over its 2 minute duration, until, by the end, you’re reaching for sunglasses. This is a common progression throughout the album, but one my eyes, er, ears never grew sick of.

The next song, “pretty,” follows a similar trajectory with a thoughtful opening verse about someone who feels anything but. “She’s pretty and poorly planned,” we are warned in the chorus before an explosion of layered guitars, warbly synth and pounding percussion take us through to the end. This calm before the storm approach weathers impressively, with each musician standing out even in the most sonically dense sections. Chalk that up to good mixing by recording engineer and on-album synth player Kalio Sittlinger, but seeing worrywart play live delivers just as well. Songs like “smile,” and “time flew” stay true to the quiet-loud-quiet pattern, and a building repetition of “here we go again” on the former might have you saying that to yourself, while keeping you in the worrywart comfort zone. Not to say that zone is particularly comfortable. Lyrically, these songs tackle themes of queer angst, and moments where you are so low you wish time would just fly by. But just like the musicianship, these themes stand out poignantly and are justified by Epp’s dynamic delivery.

Track 3 “eyes of man” is the standout. It denies the listener the ease-in of the first couple songs, and instead we are hit head-first by Matt Thompson’s hammering guitar. Here, we are treated to 3-and-a-half minutes of worrywart at their best. The quiet moments are still present with lyrics like; “take your time, equip

that confidence” which offers some positive encouragement, but is repeated later in the song loud, proud and more, well, confident. Ryley’s all-out wailing on the refrains of “blood thin/thick skin” and “scared here/there queer” act almost as thesis statements for the entire album, delivering the emotional goods while still firing on all cylinders as loud, hell-yeah caliber rock.

Did you know this project started as a collection of acoustic demos in 2017? Well track 4, “subtle spite” finds Ryley, credited solo, picking an acoustic guitar and harkening back to the album’s roots. This is probably the song that remains most similar to *hail mary baby*’s humble beginnings. It doesn’t stand alone, however, with “don’t get all nice now” also bringing a folky vibe to the fold. These are lower points overall, but serve as nice glimpses into a history of the album most listeners wouldn’t know.

And then there is the titular track. The 8-and-a-half minute conclusion is both a surprise and makes you wonder how they would have ended the album any other way. It tells the story of a past, or person, that keeps creeping back despite best efforts to shake it. Soundwise, it further zigzags genre and echoes motifs present throughout the rest of the album, but with a more hopeful, even triumphant feel. The quiet, piano driven moments last as long as entire tracks, but when things pick up, the drums are uptempo, the guitars are peppy and the harmonic synths are almost angelic. However, the powerfully belted line “let’s burn the bridge when we get to it/so let’s get to it” on listen 51 was the real full circle moment for me. Here the emotions that mar the other tracks are overcome and is where I realized they were mirroring my own journey with this music. As initially mentioned, this review was not an easy one to write. I was so head down in the album, I had lost direction of what I wanted to say and what I was honestly feeling. It was frustrating, doubtful, quiet, and I reached a point where I wanted to scream (and maybe did). That line anchored my feelings and felt like a discovery; in itself a triumph. A discovery that the album was acting as a playbook for how I was feeling writing about it, and the play in question was a hail mary, baby! –ERICH DACHWITZ



Jackson Ramsey

Tropical Drone

FANTA • JAN. 26, 2024

Listening to *Tropical Drone*, Jackson Ramsey’s third full-length album, feels like stepping into an evolving, ever-shifting narrative about loss, renewal, and the inescapable, cyclical passage of time. For me, the album represents a maturation of their sound – a natural progression from *Youngness* (2022) – but it also signifies a deeper dive into more nuanced emotional and conceptual territories. This record doesn’t just explore the inevitability of change but also explores how we, as listeners and individuals, must confront those changes head-on. With its bold sonic choices, the album pushes forward a new narrative, one that feels more grounded and personal yet still very much rooted in the duo’s experimental roots. The thematic backbone of *Tropical Drone* is something that really struck me: the cyclical nature of life, the quiet tension between loss and new beginnings, and how time doesn’t simply pass but redefines us with each passing cycle. There is a palpable sense of inevitability throughout the album, almost as if each track is a reflection of

a larger, ever-turning wheel of existence. For instance, “Canopy Collapse” evokes an unsettling sense of destruction – a symbol for all that is lost or torn away. Yet, there is also this inherent sense that from the collapse, something new may emerge. The track feels like an emotional reset, as if Ramsey is acknowledging the darkness but never fully surrendering to it. This back-and-forth between decay and rebirth echoes the very nature of time itself. In this way, the record feels like an embrace of both life’s fragility and its persistence.

What is particularly compelling about the album is how these themes unfold across its tracks. The juxtaposition of serene tracks like “Eclipse Over Waves” against the harsher, more chaotic moments on the record, mirror how life’s cycles are not linear but full of interruptions and unexpected shifts. The very nature of the album reflects this push-pull dynamic: moments of introspection are interrupted by bursts of energy, suggesting that while we might crave stillness or clarity, we are always caught in a dance with time’s impermanence.

The sonic evolution here is what stands out most. In the past, Jackson Ramsey has woven layers of samples and effects around their music, often obscuring their vocals with pitch shifters and vocoders. This made the voice more of an instrument than a communicator of emotion. But in *Tropical Drone*, the vocals are brought to the front, stripped of their previous distortions. For me, this felt like an invitation into the personal, more human side of their music. It’s as if they’re no longer hiding behind the noise and the effects; they’re confronting their listeners with raw, unaltered emotion. In tracks like “Urban Tropics,” the lyrics feel both confessional and cathartic, offering a direct line into the struggles and triumphs the band is expressing. The shift in vocal presence made me feel more connected to the narrative of the album, and there’s something deeply vulnerable in hearing those voices as they truly are – unmasked and unprotected.

This newfound vocal prominence signals a thematic shift as well. It’s not just about experimentation for the sake of it anymore; it’s about communicating something much more essential, something undeniably human. The rawness of these vocals cuts through the ambient layers, giving the album a personal gravity that the earlier work didn’t possess. To me, this felt like the band was opening themselves up, trusting the listener more than ever before. Another major change that stood out was the shift in percussion. Jackson Ramsey had previously relied heavily on big, thunderous drums to anchor their sound, creating a sense of grandiosity and even chaos at times. But on *Tropical Drone*, there is a conscious effort to refine the rhythm section. The drums are tighter, more intimate, and often accompanied by a broader range of percussion instruments. This change allowed the album to breathe in new ways, creating space for the music to ebb and flow more naturally. Tracks like “Shoreline Reverie” feel like a meditation, with delicate percussion weaving through the track like water trickling through rocks. The expansiveness of the percussion section elevates the album to something more cinematic, as if we are moving through different landscapes, each offering its own sensory experience.

For me, the shift from large drum moments to tighter, more intricate kits spoke to the album’s conceptual depth. It suggested an inward turn; toward introspection, toward a more personal understanding of rhythm and time. The varied percussion choices also aligned perfectly with the album’s thematic exploration of transitions and change. As rhythms tightened and loosened, they reflected the process of coming to terms with oneself and the world around us. While *Tropical Drone* feels experimental, it is still accessible – at least in the sense that it never loses its sense of emotionality. Even when the sound gets layered and complex, I found myself pulled into the melodic contours of the music. The hooks, especially in songs like “Solar Tides,” are unforgettable, and there is a beauty in the simplicity of the melodies that balances out the album’s more challenging elements. The ability to weave intricate sonic experiments with a more straightforward melodic approach is something that I admire deeply. It’s a testament to the band’s understanding of how to craft a meaningful listening experience that isn’t just about pushing boundaries for the sake of it.

Tracks like “Driftwood Redux” were particularly striking for me in this regard. At first, the sound is sparse and reflective, but as it builds and explodes into a powerful climax, it feels like a moment of personal release, as if the album itself is breathing

in and out in a shared rhythm with the listener. There’s something about the dynamic range of this track that speaks directly to the theme of emotional evolution over time. It’s this balance between complexity and accessibility that gives the album a certain universal quality despite its abstract sonic elements.

Ultimately, *Tropical Drone* felt like a journey of growth, not just for Jackson Ramsey but for me as a listener. It’s a record that invites reflection, not just on the music, but on the human condition itself. Time and again, I found myself pulled into the layers of sound, feeling both the weight of loss and the fragile beauty of new beginnings. The cyclical nature of time isn’t just a theoretical idea but something tangible and present in the rhythms, textures, and vocals. Through their refined sonic identity and the deepened vulnerability in their lyrics, Ramsey has crafted an album that is both a personal statement and an invitation to reflect on our own experiences with time, change, and resilience.

Tropical Drone isn’t just an album; it’s an immersive exploration of human emotion through the lens of sound. It’s a meditation on the passage of time, a testament to the evolution of the band, and a deeply resonant piece of music that I’ll continue to revisit, finding new layers and meanings with each listen.—JESS LEE



Jack J

Blue Desert

MOOD HUT • NOV 11, 2024

Mood Hut records’ Jack J (aka Jack Jutson) explores themes of regret and melancholy in his dreamy and contemplative second album, *Blue Desert*. The Australian musician, who forms one half of Vancouver-based house music duo Pender Street Steppers, delves deeper into his breezy balearic sound in this release – choosing atmosphere and aesthetic over the club focused sentiments of his earlier EPs. The album feels like a continuation of Jutson’s 2022 debut *Opening the Door*, although with a distinctly more crestfallen outlook.

Despite its sombre subject matter, *Blue Desert* does remain sonically light and low-key with hints of optimism throughout. The 11 track LP drifts along slowly with downtempo interludes running alongside catchy pop musings – making it feel a lot longer than its 33 minute run time. The weight and texture of the instrumentation stretch time, hypnotizing the listener into an introspective, semi-lucid state. Jutson’s outlook is mature, ponderous, and airy.

The opening song, “Wrong Again”, is probably the standout track of *Blue Desert* making it a sensible place to start. The bouncing, breakbeat, bassline sounds like it’s lifted from a William Orbit produced, Ray of Light era Madonna track. Sparse backing guitar and delicate keys soften the sound while the lyrical content sets the tone for the album. A sense of making mistakes in romantic relationships and facing up to consequences are established with lines like “I was wrong for making us feel so alone.” The defiant and optimistic production suggests moving forward, but the lyrics remain downhearted, “I thought a rose was coming to me, but I was wrong.”

The next track, “Foolish Man”, opens with a ponderous and mournful saxophone riff before being lifted by a drum machine pattern, gentle keys and an excellent synth hook. The synth comes in and out of the track at select moments, rising up before dropping in key again unexpectedly. The story told by Jutson builds on the narrative set out in “Wrong Again”, telling the tale of a foolish man running away from his past. He describes a sad and lost dreamer, “A sad man / A fool.”

You can’t help but root for this character and Jutson too extends him some compassion, while still calling out his behaviour, “He didn’t know the rules of the game / He should have known or he shouldn’t have played.” It’s a very playful, almost childlike song with some clever lyrics that bring a smile to your face, “He’d call you once, hang up twice / He wouldn’t act very nice.” A late saxophone solo lets you sit with this foolish man and his feelings of regret.

In “Red Cloud”, Jutson slows down the pace. The wandering, eerie, ‘80s inspired bass line is the protagonist; supported with reverberated vocals and more metaphoric lyrics, “Time waits for no man / Light will decay.” This combination results in a downtempo track resembling The Stone Roses’ earlier, more introspective work. “Down the Line” is undoubtedly one of the strongest tracks on the album. Having laid the foundation with “Red Cloud”, Jutson is joined by bass player Suzanne Kraft, who introduces a more subtle and even heavier bass line in this arrangement. An echoed synth shifts back and forth sparingly before being replaced with a vocal harmony to finish.

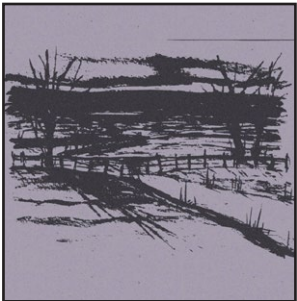
Jutson plays with the pacing again with “Pink Shoes”, a minute-long, introspective interlude that feels like a natural breaking point between the first and second half of the album. The mood becomes more solemn in the back half, but there is enough depth to keep the listener engaged. “At Last” starts with another brief saxophone intro before moving into a sweet yacht rock track that contemplates feelings of love, loneliness, and desire, “At the moment I love you / But will I always feel that way?”

“At My Door” adds pace with pulsating bass and seems to consider relationship boundaries and the difficulty of saying no, “If it happens again, well that’s on me.” The catchy humming of “na na na na” through the chorus makes it a poppy and fun addition – expect to hear this one on hazy summer road trip playlists. “My Other Mind” continues the anxious reflections on a past love “I wasn’t easy to be with / I was a beast in love.” The chorus is warm and inviting and the beautiful keyboard work at the end gives it a shimmering psychedelic finish.

Jutson hits you right in the feels with “Falling Down a Well” and “Born Without a Smile” for the album’s curtain call. The former has mesmerising strings from Aiden Xayers and rhythmical claves that tickle your earbuds. “Born Without a Smile” is a rich, heavy and tranquil album highlight. The sparse use of instruments and light backing vocals give it a soothing, stripped back quality. The title itself is drenched in sorrow and the lyrics are no less heart wrenching, “Tossed into the soup unseparated / Sunk before I learned to swim / Still getting over it.”

“Pink Shoes II”, an instrumental continuation of part one from earlier in the album, features loose echoey guitar strums that leave the listener on a bit of a cliff edge, perhaps an apt conclusion for an album exploring heartbreak, sadness and confusion.

Blue Desert takes you on a nostalgic, mournful but ultimately tranquil journey that softens and expands with each listen. The whispered vocals, ‘70s style guitar work and lovesick confessions see Jack J expand his range and continue his ascendancy from deep house darling to balearic, indie rock demigod.—MARK LYNCH



drive your plow over the bones of the dead

tragedy as catharsis

NO FUNERAL • NOV 5, 2024

drive your plow over the bones of the dead is a name that many Discorder readers have likely heard, if not already familiar with the band. It catches your eye on bills and posters and it sticks in your head. If the name alone isn’t enough to pull you in, hopefully I can.

The band, formed in Vancouver in 2022, is a trio made up of Jens (Bass/Vocals), Kyle (Guitar/Vocals), and Miffy (Drums). Jens also designed the striking monochromatic album art. “*tragedy as catharsis*” is DYPOTBOTD’s debut album, and was released November 5th, distributed on Vinyl through No Funeral Records & Middle Man Records. The songs were recorded “live off the floor” for an unpolished and raw, yet authentic and clear sound, with vocals and overdubs added later on.

tragedy as catharsis weaves together the raw intensity of screamo, the chaotic aggression of emoviolence, and the intricate complexity

of mathcore into a visceral, innovative, and punchy experience. Its harsh textures and frenzied dissonance are paired with intricate rhythms and screaming vocals, creating a DIY sound both unrelenting and introspective. The band cites musical influences such as Joshua Fit For Battle, Ostraca, Lord Snow, and Senza.

The record features 13 feedback-laden tracks, totalling 18 minutes and 19 seconds, with only the two bookending tracks exceeding 1:40. Every song flows together effortlessly, and with the amount of abrupt tempo and beat switches slicing up the tracks, it can be hard to discern where one song ends and the next begins. The brevity and breakneck pace allows the album to maintain a visceral intensity without overstaying its welcome, which is ironic because it’s also easy to find yourself replaying the record three or four times in one sitting. Each track has an immense level of detail to be appreciated more deeply with each subsequent listen.

The record kicks off with “spirit incantation,” a perfect sampler of everything that’s to follow. The first leg of the track features three rapid beat switches of thrashing guitars, crashing cymbals, and harrowing screams. Around the one-minute mark, the drummer takes a pause while the rest of the band slows it down for a witchy, foreboding, ascending guitar arpeggio, lifting us into the song’s explosive climax.

DYPOTBOTD is a reference to Olga Tokarczuk’s 2009 novel of the same name, a darkly comedic, anti-capitalist murder mystery rich with existential themes. Tokarczuk is a controversial left-wing figure in her homeland of Poland, where the novel was criticized by the growing right-wing movement for being “a deeply anti-Christian [work] that promoted eco-terrorism.” Despite, or perhaps due to the controversy, Tokarczuk won the 2018 Nobel Prize for Literature 2 months after the US release of the novel, which is now at the top of this author’s reading list.

The powerful associations a name like “drive your plow over the bones of the dead” brings are hardly coincidental or arbitrary. Even with often indiscernible lyrics, many of these same themes resonate through the harsh tones of the music, guttural screams, and even simply through the titles of the tracks. In the middle of the album is a fantastic run of three sub-90-second songs, “spiteful enemy,” “suzerain” – an overlord, and “malediction” – a curse. The sequencing speaks for itself, and highlights one of the album’s key themes of resistance against injustice and systemic oppression.

“malediction,” the last of these three tracks, is particularly notable for its striking melodic build comprising the second half of the track, harkening back to the breakdown from “spirit incantation.” Atop the epic guitar riff is a haunting vocal chant that deserves to be sung in a circle around a pyre in the middle of a field somewhere while the figure of a CEO burns in effigy. The song builds to a brief silence before erupting into the chugging intro of “ritual symmetry”, making for one of the best drops on the record – one which would absolutely make me lose my mind in the pit.

The record concludes on the poignant “baleful solitude,” balancing sorrow with a fiery chaos. The explosive intro quickly strips itself down into an energetic snare roll amidst a bed of feedback, until we’re graced with one final building riff before the thrashing finale. This final moment of atmospheric respite gives us time to prepare for that final climax, and DYPOTBOTD delivers two-fold. The blastbeat-filled finale throws as much chaotic aggression at you as possible, leaving nothing left but a wall of noise and that beautiful catharsis we’ve all been waiting for.

The title of the album, “*tragedy as catharsis*” directly reflects the music’s function as an outlet for emotions such as “regret, guilt, anger, frustration and sadness” as stated by bassist/vocalist, Jens, in an interview with “Not Just A Phase.” Through the album, and the band’s live performances, these feelings of rage and sorrow are exemplified as communal experiences, especially resonating with queer and trans audiences. The music serves to promote solidarity and community, encouraging listeners to channel their anger and frustration into constructive action.

tragedy as catharsis has already made a large impact in online music forums. The album has powered its way to the 59th highest rated album of 2024 on rateyourmusic.com – essentially the letterboxd of

music – with 911 individual ratings at the time of writing this review, despite a mere 3,500 monthly listeners on Spotify. A figure likely to grow as many music fans look to sift through the best of what 2024 had to offer.—MATT SCHMIDT



Dawson Gool

“Tall”/ “This”

SELF-RELEASED • FEB 7, 2024 / APR 30, 2024

“I heard you’re drinking alone tonight in your hometown. What a way to let yourself down.”

These are the lyrics with which Dawson Gool opens his most recent single “Tall” – a folksy, lightly indie rock tune about growing up, feeling like you do not belong, and then moving away from it all. “Tall” reflects much of Gool’s signature style in his reflective and heartfelt songwriting and is tied to a light, yet dynamic composition. This track is distinct through the unique production done by Gool, along with Mark Falk and offers hints at what to come.

“This”, Gool’s second most recent single, released February 2024, is a soft and straightforward track. This song seems directed to a past love as a final send-off, and is reminiscent of a relationship that was far from perfect, yet so important. This track is a personal favourite, the directness of it struck straight into me, making me nostalgic for something I have not even experienced, and yet, could feel so personally. On “This” Gool’s voice is subdued and whisper-like, as if he is sharing memories too delicate to say out loud. The production matches this in its simple and pure nature, as it is more stripped back and acoustic than “Tall”, providing the song with a gentle atmosphere.

“Tall” and “This” are Gool’s two released singles leading up to his second EP, Bark Mulch, which he plans to release this year. The title, as well the most recent singles, seem to foreshadow this EP will fit in Gool’s past work of woodsy, indie folk music; one that is grounded in the doubts and struggles we all feel through the changes in life.

Gool creates an image through his music releases and online presence of a personal, yet widely relatable, songwriter and all his work seems to reflect cohesive themes that are explored across his work, themes of yearning, belonging, or feeling a lack of belonging, and questioning oneself. Before making music on this land we call ‘Vancouver,’ Gool attended Berklee College of Music in Boston for a brief period. Gool is self-described as “rock n roll for the faint of heart”, a wonderful phrase that frankly I wish I came up with first. This phrase encapsulates much of Gool’s style, calling out to those who search for a sensitive, and often melancholic song to sway to. The guitar and production of these singles are simple and straightforward, yet still very emotional and effective in projecting an image of melancholy. While listening to Gool I was reminded of indie folk and rock artists I was devoted to as a teenager, namely Bon Iver, Perfume Genius, and Alex G. He cites some of these as artists through the playlist he has on his artist profile, and it presents a lineage of warm, sorrowful songwriting. Gool reinforces these inspirations through a stripped-down TikTok performance of these singles with just the accompaniment of his guitar. Through both “This” and “Tall” typically explore themes of longing, regret, and wanting to feel a sense of belonging. These themes are explored on tracks like “I’m Gone” which expresses both anger and regret towards a past relationship or in “Everyone Dies In The End”, a stark reflection on mortality and needing to make the most out of life. I hope to see Gool explore songwriting on Bark Mulch as I find that’s what makes him stand apart, he has some beautiful writing and imagery. Though it can sometimes feel as if it relies a bit too much on widely used tropes or cliches.

Gool released his first EP, January, Backdoor, in November of 2022. A five-track record, which explored folk, light alternative, and something in-between. Across this EP, his voice is almost eerie to match the haunted, spacey elements of much of his production, presenting an image of a deserted open space that his music travels

through. These songs reflect on many of Gool’s common themes and project this feeling of pain and longing from the endless reminder of the ever-changing nature of life, as you watch it pass you by. Much of the EP feels quite melancholic and yearning – it is a cohesive and well stitched together work, with each track feeling like an extension of the last. However, songs like “Nothing Like Your Smile (To Bring Me Down)” and “January, Backdoor” stand out due to their distinctive production. These tracks feel the most thought through, still personal but clearly worked out to be their best versions.

While this EP is touching and well done, I hope to see Bark Mulch push the boundaries of the comfortable zone Gool has established in his past work, mostly notably through exploring his production style more, as it often feels like a backdrop to his lyrics, rather than the center point. Gool’s discography is full of sweet and melancholic tracks, and he has so much space left to explore knowing he has a solid foundation through his sense of self and style of songwriting. —SOFIA WIND



LiamEatsPizza

Luckd-out

SELF-RELEASED • OCT 15, 2024

LiamEatsPizza’s October 2024 project *Luckd-out* is best understood not as a singular, straightforward work, but as a smattering of concepts and attempts at their execution – less a painting, more a lab kit. Projects of this sort are valuable – they’re important milestones in an artist’s journey, making for excellent deep-dive material as future fans seek a retrospective on a musician’s rise, and give said musician a place to perfect their craft in anticipation of said future fans. However, in the same breath as one recognizes the big-picture importance of a project like this, one must also admit that it makes for a mixed listening experience.

The backbone of this project (and, fortunately, the part most deserving of abject praise) is its production. The project’s first track “Gonztro”, is an excellently atmospheric instance of this, as it wastes no time enveloping its listener in its unpolished, vintage sound. It is professional execution of an amateur aesthetic, and garnishing this ambiently nostalgic piece with audio of (what sounds to be) Liam skateboarding with friends is such a beautifully personal touch. The following track, “livinfast”, sets its sights on a more distant, psychedelic sound that sees the listener gliding through a dark, purple-hued cloud of obscured vocals and reverberating chimes. The album’s conclusion, “codienecowboy”, follows in its lead, steeping its beat in a pool of distant ocean waves and bird chirps that paint the image of a track – and, by proxy, a listener – lost at sea.

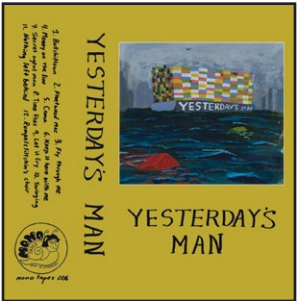
No part of *Luckd-out* is more deserving of discussion, however, than the penultimate track “geekdup.” Standing out sharply from its forebears, “geekdup” has a beat that sees the listener not drifting atop its beat, but rather thrown abruptly into a panicky cluster of snares, synths, and repetitive vocals. It’s an ear-popping moment to be sure, and one which very quickly overshadows the comparatively conventional tracks before and after it. This track, however, also embodies one of the greatest pitfalls of this project on the whole: that is, both this particular track and *Luckd-out* as a whole are not experimental, but are an experiment. Where experimental music will still set out with the stated goal of creating a coherent work, the four tracks that constitute *Luckd-out* read more like sandboxes through which Liam sought to try out a new sound, plugin, and/or idea that came to him. The disproportionately powerful synths of “geekdup” point to it being the experimental object of the track, while the abnormally lush ambiance of “codienecowboy” and unique personal tone of “Gonztro” point to either of them being exercises in that respective aesthetic. This obviously can’t be said for certain – I am not Liam, and I cannot purport to know why this project and the tracks therein were made – but *Luckd-out* as a whole doesn’t necessarily read as a fully premeditated project.

Nor does this undermine the overall quality of the project – one may still find each song to be excellent in their own right, but must admit that each is wildly different from its neighbor. One need look no further than the first two songs to see how this makes for an interesting project on a song-by-song basis, but bewilders a broader listening experience. The dawdling, static-y piano of “Gonztro” is challenged one song later by the trippier and more elaborate “livinfast”, which is itself confounded another song later by the frantic and high-strung electronic zeal of “geekdup.” Although “codienecowboy” offers a vague continuity with earlier sounds in the project’s final moments, a runtime of just over eight minutes scattered across four songs simply doesn’t provide this project enough time to average itself into a consistent sound.

None of this, however, ought to take away from the potential shown in this project – Liam exhibits an undeniable willingness to take risks and experiment, and to produce in pursuit of whatever immediate vision he has for a track or a project. Regardless of their capacity to interact with one another, each track on this project is a pocket of ingenuity a mile deep, and the variety of sounds on display here forebode a successful and colorful career ahead. This being the third of five projects on Liam’s bandcamp, the majority of which being in the three-to-four song range and being of a similarly random nature, the next great development for him seems likely to come by way of a longer, more thought-out project. Not to temper the experimentality of his music – indeed, his greatest strength at this stage does seem to be his willingness to take a crack at any sound and apply his own spin to it – but rather, to make the project as a whole more coherent from song to song. Trial run projects such as these are invaluable, but listeners love nothing more than to see an artist’s hard work and commitment to broadening their sound pay off in the form of a new, shiny project that can stand comfortably atop the practice of its predecessors.

This is almost certainly not the last we see of Liam – having already released two new projects since this one, he seems to be in no short supply of new music to provide the world. My hope, and I believe the hope of fans more broadly, is that these bite-sized projects prove to be only practice for his future endeavors.

Keep going, Liam – we see only good things ahead of you!
-GABRIEL BELL



Yesterday's Man

Yesterday's Man EP

SELF-RELEASED • JAN 1, 2025

I find that marriage when portrayed in film and TV generally falls into one of two stereotypes. The first is the idyllic, crystalline portrait of a marriage; the leaders of the ideal nuclear family in the Western world post-World War 2 that live behind a white picket fence. They serve as the symbol of the loving and secure environment that can be crafted through the power of love and unwavering commitment. The alternative is that the couple would fall into the complete opposite, the textbook dysfunctional marriage. Nothing seems to work in these living environments as up is down and every quality we associate with romance and families seems to be missing. There is no semblance of love or affection and every conversation is just another opportunity for an insult to be hurled at one another. Regardless of if they’re made out to be a persistent force of good or bad, both cases see the married couple degraded into a caricature of what a relationship is.

I believe this is why out of all the films in Richard Linklater’s incredible *Before* trilogy, the one I have the biggest soft spot for is *Before Midnight*. While it may not have the passionate and fiery drive of *Before Sunrise*, or the air of maturity of *Before Sunset*, the film succeeds in portraying the dwindling of a marriage’s spark and lays bare all of its rough edges. It powerfully captures both the ugliness and beauty of marriage and I believe Yesterday’s Man has managed to evoke the same spirit with this EP.

Yesterday’s Man self-titled EP was released on New Year’s Day 2025 through Mono Tapes. It features Alie Lynch and Gal Av-Gay and their music is described as ‘classic indie rock from Vancouver BC by two close friends who are also married.’ They’re both veterans of the Vancouver music scene and are clearly very talented musicians. With Yesterday’s Man, Lynch and Av-Gay craft an incredibly sparse and plain atmosphere but are able to do so with such clarity and precision in their stylistic choices. This can be seen with the incredibly subdued instrumentation featured throughout the album that while easy on the ear is unimpressive technically. However, this is no reason to dismiss this project as this back-to-basics approach to music ultimately serves in favour of the listening experience and the picture they paint of their marriage.

As mentioned by the band, this album is as straightforward about its sound as it gets, this is an indie rock record. The guitar playing is simple, standard indie rock playing that uses arpeggiated riffs and basic rhythm guitar playing which evokes memories of the jangle pop bands from the 1980s and the post-punk revival of the 2000s. Furthermore, the rhythm section takes an incredibly fundamental approach to drumming and bass playing that doesn’t showcase a high level of proficiency from the band. But while listeners will not be left marveling at any moments of technical genius, it’s this approach to music that provides such a firm and strong base for the band to build upon with their vocals and lyricism.

This is not to say that the married couple showcase any Whitney-like feats of vocal acrobatics or that their vocal performances are oozing with raw energy. To the contrary, their vocal performances both lean to the more conservative side much like their instrumentation but their voices function incredibly well through their contrasting characteristics. Lynch’s singing has an incredibly soothing quality but also has a slight tinge of roughness and weariness. While at times it can be off-putting, Lynch delivers a mostly excellent performance throughout the project. Av-Gay’s voice by comparison instead is far more flat and monotone and this can work to the detriment of the song when tasked to carry its vocals on their own. Their voice has a much more lethargic form of expression which when paired with the project’s simple instrumentation can make the song feel rather inexpressive. The band instead really shines through with the both of them singing as Lynch’s soft but expressive vocal qualities is complemented by Av-Gay’s clear but one-note vocal delivery.

This in essence is really the story of the whole project, it is a collection of functional but limited components that come together to make a beautiful yet flawed whole. This almost-ugliness in their music, whether intentional or not, all serve to highlight the brutal realities of marriage and relationships that they touch upon in their lyrics. Whether it be them expressing doubts on one’s ability to support their partner in ‘Money on the line’, reflections on their first encounter in ‘Time flies’, or even what reads like a peaceful resignation to life’s ebbs and flows, Yesterday’s Man never makes any attempt to sanitize their experience, but instead proudly shines a light on them.

While this project remains within the confines of indie rock, I would strongly encourage fans of all music genres to give this project a listen. I respect the honesty and openness that Lynch and Av-Gay provide and greatly appreciate the middle ground provided when the portrayal of marriages can so easily fall into one of two extremes. It’s a flawed portrayal of love but with this project, Yesterday’s Man has made a beautifully mundane portrait for us to admire.

Favourite Tracks: “Bullshittown,” “Secret agent man,” “Time flies,” “Nothing left behind,” and “Keep it here with me.”-MICHAEL YAP



Shabason, Krgovich, Sage

Shabason, Krgovich, Sage

IDÉE FIXE • APR 5, 2024

Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Slowly. Open. There you are- you’re the main subject of a Lynch film.

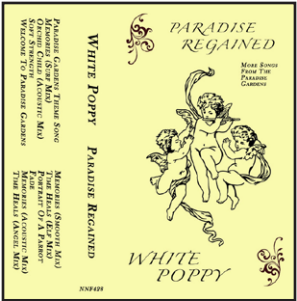
Perhaps the posthumous memorialization of the late writer-director is etched in my brain, but Shabason, Krgovich, Sage, somehow were able to capture a similar esoteric, ethereal and liminal space. For those of us lone-wolves, who wander in solitude amongst a mass crowd, this is the soundtrack of that life. The album captivates a meditative, cerebral, old soul-like quality, of enjoying the moment one’s in and feeling saudade.

Track 1 Gloria, begins as an angelic chorus of one’s heart beating with the rhythm of a bustle of urbanization. The zither played by Sage, creates the feeling of holiness and transcendentalism.

Track 3 Joe, encapsulates a visionary tale of a high rise office space overlooking a bustling metropolis on sunset. We the audience see the character, in a suit, overlooking his domain and contemplating his life. A saxophone compliments the romanticization of the 80’s yuppie area. The reed instrument symbolizes a smoky and mature urban landscape that unveils the enigma of one’s soul.

Raoul, track 7, reminded of the poetic sense of Roald Dahl. The lyrics are whimsical, and child-like, and encapsulate the busy mind of a person who is just simply going about their day.

The album is consistent with its theme. It tells a tale of an individual’s journey into their deeper sense of being and understanding. It would make an excellent soundtrack to an independent A24 film.—HANNAH SNIDER



White Poppy

Paradise Regained

SELF-RELEASED • NOVEMBER 2024

FF0: ambient, handpan, waking up early, floral teas, cicada calls, searching for – and finding – a greater purpose.

Sun-bleached curtains filter early-morning rays, lattice-shell glass panes curve over a sun-dappled study. Energy efficient new-age dome home. The future of living. The now of futurism. This is midcentury modernism, naïve optimism. Wealthy white rebels going Back to the Land, seeking their post-war bucolic paradise – saving themselves in that zeitgeist we can barely recall today, like dreams cobweb-caught in a dusty corner of our collective mind.

Paradise Regained is White Poppy’s newest album, released November of 2024. It is what I imagine life inside a geodesic dome must sound like; ear up against those transparent equilateral tiles. The layers of transcendental, dreamlike sounds are accompanied by equally resonant vocals. Folk-y, psych-y, shoegaze-y, 90s ambient room-y. But don’t start getting sleepy, it’s the sound of a new day – the new age.

In The House of Tomorrow, teenage Sebastian Prendergast (Asa Butterfield) has lived the majority of his life in a geodesic dome. His days blur together dioramically: wake up, blend up two kale smoothies (the second is for his nana), water the tomatoes, feed the chickens, self-study geometry, wash the windows if necessary, repeat. Based on the book by Peter Bognanni, the film follows Sebastian’s coming-of-age journey, catalyzed by a new friendship. The opening track of Paradise Regained is perfectly befitting to Sebastian’s routine. “Paradise Gardens Theme Song” features drawn out instrumentals reminiscent of cicada calls on a lazy summer afternoon. A drum beats to the rhythm of wonted quodidia. Lyrical chants of ‘here we can be free and happy’ mirror Nana’s preachings for since the teen can remember.

From atop the shining dome, just-cleaned, Sebastian gazes past canopy to a nearby suburb and its accompanying overpass. Vehicles of modernity speed along to other places. This view shifts perspective. It’s a cool breeze, a breath of fresh air. It sounds like “Portrait of a Parrot”, a relatively upbeat, tropical track – with castanets like crabs snapping, or cars rattling over freeway expansion joints.

Sebastian and Nana live in a reverse-anachronism, the residue of a Dream – one that holds public tours daily from 10 to 3. When a comparably worldly church youth group visits their House of Tomorrow, Nana plays them a video on Buckminster Fuller, the futurist architect credited with the popularization of geodesic domes in midcentury America. “Time Heals (Elf Mix)” feels like this look into the past, beginning with a nostalgia-inducing – almost corporate – sound. The comforting vocals become distorted as the track progresses, in that same way memories tend to behave as one overstays recollection.

“Memories (Surf Mix)” accepts this nature of remembering; “I am letting go of who I used to be. Everything I know is rearranging”. This lyric perfectly illustrates Sebastian’s character arc as well. Psychedelic and coastal, the track that familiar feeling of change, with its inevitable leaving-behinds and starting-anews. Paradise in Buckminster Fuller’s vision for the future is irretrievable. It cannot be regained – not in its original form, at least.

“Fade” similarly recognizes the impermanence of existence – recommending, on account of such, a gentle kindness in one’s approach to living; “Everyone is trying to get by... Be kind to each other, be kind to yourself.” The familiar, ethereal vocals guide us in embracing this hopeful vision.

Sebastian searches for a new hope. On his journey, he runs away from home to live with his new friend. By tutoring Jared in geometry, Sebastian convinces Jared’s father to give the pair parental permission to practice punk music. Imagine a math-tutoring montage to the tune of “Soft Strength”. Tones bounce around into vertices of sound, framing a calm respite amidst band practice and sudden unexpected emergencies.

Paradise Regained’s songs of devotion, The work of Buckminster “Bucky” Fuller, new-age dreams, Big Hope for Big Change, collective photosynthesis of alternative modes to life. These ideas can be positioned complementary to punk and our post-modern anger at the state of things. In this same vein, “Orchid Child (Acoustic Mix)” might be considered, in essence, a punk song. Examining the lyrics, we can see this clearly; “Don’t hesitate, don’t ask why. Just do what I want to, do what I want to. I won’t wait for things to come to me.” After Sebastian and Jared’s impromptu concert in the dome, Nana sees that punk culture is quite in line with Bucky’s transcendentalist practices. At the end of the film we see her smile at a request to host more shows in the dome.

Let us, too, end with a welcome. “Welcome to Paradise Gardens” is an empty cathedral devoted to a long-dead deity. The voice of a lone choir singer haunts the tall chambers, accompanied by the rich, layered tones of an antique organ. Let us take comfort in our stay here. Just a little while longer, as we appreciate the architectural forms, echoing songs composed for a former age. – KAREN ZHOU



Terror Bird

Deathless, wild + Free

SELF-RELEASED • DEC 15, 2024

Pairing notes: A merlot icewine, tannic and bittersweet, with a bright acidity that burns the tongue.

The last plum harvested before they cut the tree down, overripe and splitting open from recent rain.

A double creme brie, indulgent and rich.

An aged pine box, dusty and worn by familiar hands.

When you shut the door behind you, the reverb of your two bedroom apartment is overlarge and unfamiliar. Your coat falls from your shoulders to the floor idly, indolently, the active subject to your passive object, and your shoes step from your feet the way one a face of a beloved grade school friend refuses to be recalled.

There's a draft in here, seeping through the walls and windows and cracks in the cheap, thick paint. The cold lets itself in, the only visitor in your home in months, and seeps into your hollow bones. You tip over every photograph.

You will remember the words, in waves, in dim shadows that collect under lamps you weren't the one you use. Words you knew as a refrain will stay only as the smudged mark of pencil on paper, never to hang in the air between furniture and appliances and the shit you once shared that remains. You walk, waiting, to the kitchen, and there you lay waste to your memories with boxed red wine you haven't touched in six months. A friend brought it over to commiserate, but now you have it. You repeat the process of taking down photos, moments captured of joy and distance and challenge and ease. You remain uncertain if you owe the comfort of good times the hollow feeling of realizing you can't have them again. Even upon returning, your special spots, your cherished activities, they contain a gap, a black hole, that was left behind one short eternity ago. There is a certain current, a whirlpool that pulls you back around and around, further and further down. Tomorrow you will put them all back up again. The cycle repeats around you.

You lay your head down on a pillow you are pretty sure is not for you, and when no familiar weight creaks and shifts the bed, your eyes will open at the disruption. There is an empty space holding your eyelids apart to watch the hopeless swaying lights of vehicles you know better than to believe in. There is an immortality to this, to wakeless unsleep. In your previous life, before the black hole, the late nights, the insomnia, was tolerable for the company you had. Now, not so much.

You move the pile of someone else's hobby to a different spot that will only become inconvenient later. Evidence of work you once immersed your heart in, now it simply reminds you of how little light is spilling into your life. Instead, it is in the way of a breakfast you will pick at while you think of people you'd decided weren't worth keeping, and avoid thinking about the black hole eating your life up ever so slowly. You'd think hunger would come easy to someone so hollow, but hollowness only begets emptiness. You chuck more fruit into the void.

You stub your toe, again, on the couch that hasn't moved since you assembled it there. The once crisp, flat fabric is now worn and wavy. You didn't want this model, but it suited the needs well. Flat pack furniture screwed together with cheap pine and compromises you didn't know you wouldn't have to make. It's not your mistake, but it is solely your problem, now. You don't move the couch, afraid of taking the spike of feeling away, good or bad. If you held out a little longer, it wouldn't even matter, it wouldn't be yours.

You get into the four door sedan you bought together, planning for a house full of passengers, and drive into a street. The CD stuck in the player turns on, again, like it does every time, and you don't turn it off, again, like you do every time. It plays the mix you were never very fond of, all choices you wouldn't have made. Each track lands upon your back like the switch of a flagellant, and each memory plays on repeat like a record with a scratch. It was here the black hole first opened, and began to eat.

It's been a year and a half, or so. It's been the same way, since the black hole opened up. Since the star collapsed. You drive, you walk, you sustain, you sleep, you work, and you are eaten alive. Left, left just days before the altar, and left behind for joy. You press your foot on the gas pedal, speed up time, and let the days slip by like incidental miles on the odometer. The star collapses, then, after you're completely alone, the shadow of the light dies, sick and feeble, acute and terminal. You're alone, and relieved of resentment.

Say goodbye, say goodbye, you weren't the last, but you were the most. You have to speak. Say words to this crowd, make it comfortable. You were freed from watching the sun burn out, and given blessed dark to hide in. Your love is what is wanted, so stand, and explain how much the light meant, now that it can never return. You're like family, don't you know? Even if you never made it to the court, you're still tied to everyone here. Now you have to go back to your empty apartment, and play roommates with a black hole.—CASCADIA CHRONICLER

REAL LIVE ACTION



Machine Girl NOVEMBER 4, 2024 @ FORTUNE SOUND CLUB

I went into this show only experiencing the MG Ultra project the night before. The experience was an abundance of sensory overload even with my ear plugs in. With the flashing lights, aiming for the perfect shot amidst Matthew's sporadic movements, recognizing hinge matches, and oomfies – a lot was going on. Machine girl served the crowd an instrumental set with backtracks, which was not something I anticipated, as when Machine girl toured with 100 geecs, that was not the vibe I was picking up when I was outside of the venue, waiting in line. Glad to not be missing out and to be in front of the barricade this time. I was looking forward to the performance of the song 'sick!!!' off the MG Ultra album, because it's so nihilism amidst the Pandemicene coded which is real asf (iykyk)!!!! but since my ear plugs made my thoughts louder than the music that was blasting, I unfortunately did not process that experience. If the song was not played during the set then I as an audience member may have been deprived of my favorite song being played. The most notable occurrence during the event was when Matthew randomly went on multiple rounds of crowd surfing near the end of the show, after I was told to leave the barricade – he was still posing for me though. On his way back crowd surfing to the stage he said thank you to the audience and immediately fell, but he eventually made his way back by walking. I lost him in the crowd at that point, I was scanning the crowd with my camera zoom and still couldn't find him until he suddenly appeared right in front of me. The after party was at the Cobalt, which I did not go to cuz I was sleepy. Reports from my friend told me that she had to



FITNESS BY DANI YOUR DARLING

wait till the early AM for Machine girl to come out and do a set, and that he had the same dj opener from the concert – who I must say, has a lovely catalogue of tracks. –DANI YOUR DARLING

Olive Klug / Moselle / Elise LeBlanc

JAN. 15, 2025 @ THE WISE HALL,
.....

When I first got accepted to UBC I was so excited; I imagined all the fun things I would do with my new friends once I got here. I imagined going to the beach, exploring the campus, going out for dinner, watching the sunset, and sitting on a patch of grass with my diverse friend group while we laughed in the sunlight. Although I imagined contrasting scenarios which might come along with my new lifestyle, never did I imagine my first experience at the WISE Hall, where Olive Klug played to an audience aged roughly 19-79. Admittedly, I did not know who Olive Klug was before I attended the show, so my chances of imagining this exact scenario were significantly lowered due to that fact alone. But luckily, my cool friend Angelia who knows everything about music, invited me to tag along.

We arrived at the Wise Hall around 7:10 p.m, and saw a collection of people gathered around outside. Everyone was looking around at each other in semi-confusion, as the doors were supposed to open at 7 p.m. The bouncer (a man in a dark jacket and hat, smoking a cigarette) goes, ‘no it’s 7:30 p.m.’ So we all stood outside. Watching the various levels of “Yeewahwum” attire arrive. Yeewahwum was the dress code of the show, and personally I was so deked out that I could have been cast in a remake of Brokeback Mountain on the spot. Once we were let in we walked up a set of stairs to the second level entrance of this green, house-looking building that was located in a rather residential area of Vancouver. Upon entering t, I saw what resembled a typical small town hall where dances would take place. The interior of the venue was quaint, it was very wooden, lights were strung from the ceiling,

and a disco ball hung in the center. Off to either side of the main floor area were round tables and chairs for people to sit at. When my friend and I arrived we already saw many people getting chairs and sitting at tables, we thought that this was kind of strange, and so we went and stood at the front so we could be close to the stage when the openers came on. Even though the Wise is a 19+ venue, the age range was quite a surprise to me. There were a good number of older people in attendance, including two older men who sat together near the front, with their bike helmets resting on the table. It was pretty cute to see.

As the venue filled people started grabbing chairs and moving them in a semi-circle formation, starting about 10 feet away from the stage. No one was coming to stand near the stage where my friend and I were, so we began to feel weird. When opener Elise LeBlanc came on everyone sat down, so we moved to the side as we didn’t want to block the view behind us. Elise LeBlanc was incredible, I did not know about them prior to the show, but I definitely will be listening now. Despite a late start, Elise gave a performance which was worth waiting for. Their vocals mixed with the acoustic guitar lit up the entire room, and I was instantly enthralled. After Elise, the second opener, Moselle, took the stage in a baseball cap and hoodie. Admittedly, I had seen both Elise and Moselle walking around the venue prior to the show and did not recognize them until they got on stage to perform. The concert was extremely laid back, echoing the community feeling whichfolk brings. I had doubts that Moselle would be as good as Elise – I had never been that captivated by an opening act before – but I was wrong to doubt them. Moselle’s performance dually blew me away. They also took the stage with only their voice and an acoustic guitar, and as soon as they began to sing I was again shocked by the artistry I witnessed. Her haunting ballads and upbeat tunes balanced out into an amazing set.

After Moselle it was finally time for Olive; at this point people began to stand up and fill the pit area left by the chair

semi-circle. Olive and their band came on, performing two or three songs before Olive even addressed the audience – which seemed to captivate everyone even more. Once Olive finally did interact with the audience, they joked with audience members and spoke to people in the crowd who would shout things out, which made it a very welcoming environment to be a part of. The performance was amazing, fun to watch, and the crowd was having a good time. At the end of the set Olive said, “ok this is our last song” as they did overexaggerated quotation marks in the air, and following said last song, they dramatically left the stage, returning for an encore. Following the real final song, Olive announced they would be at the merch stand if anyone wanted to come say hi, and we went over to meet them and buy some merch before we left. Elise LeBlanc was also working the merch stand, and seeing the artists afterwards and being able to tell them how amazing their performances really added to the close-knit feel of the night.

Overall, the night was very enjoyable. Everyone who performed was extremely talented and enjoyable to watch, and the crowd, although perhaps overly inclined to sit down, was respectful and fun to be around. The atmosphere was lively, the music was great, and for a Wednesday night in East Vancouver, I can’t imagine anywhere else I would have rather been! –CLAUDIA REILANDER

FITNESS w/ Guests
NOV 28, 2024 @ YALETOWN ROUNDHOUSE RECREATION CENTRE

FITNESS, otherwise recognized as the drummer of Yeule’s band, returned to “Vancouver” for Notebook: Electronic Music Incubator and Platform last November with an intense, disorienting, sweaty, and sensory overloaded Gabber Modus Operandi-esque spectacle at the Yaletown Roundhouse Recreation Centre. I really enjoyed the show and was looking forward to it after missing FITNESS when they performed for the Vancouver New Music Festival Propulsion day 3 due to having to do something academia related. I had a feeling FITNESS would come back, and when I received confirmation of their return from a friend before the performance date was announced I was determined to be there.

The audience transitioned from weary movents during an ambient introduction, movements akin to possession and mosh pits, all amidst the noise of interactive production, and dancing in celebration of the kind of clubbing experience one would have at a DJ set consisting of Pink Pantheress and anime soundtrack remixes. During which I stopped being a photographer and embraced the moment. The stage was amidst the audience, which made it a fun challenge to capture FITNESS’ commanding stage presence, against stage lighting, the audience, speakers and monitors – one of which I tripped on. It was a full sensory stimulating experience that had me feeling tired at the end of the show, despite having drank a brown sugar pearl milk tea before the show – THE CAFFEINE DID NOTHING! Which is unfortunate, because I was invited to the karaoke after party but was way too sleepy, despite the show ending at 10pm. All I have to say to FITNESS is that the artistry of their performance is very admirable, inspiring, and something I will think about moving forward. Especially so to motivate the transformation of my own stage presence. And also, that I am worried about your eyes looking directly into fluorescent lights for the bit – but I am not an optometrist, and I got fire photos, so do what you will with my unsolicited opinions.–DANI YOUR DARLING ☺



WITH PAPA M
APRIL 24
VANCOUVER
COMMODORE BALLROOM
IN PARTNERSHIP WITH

back by popular demand...

THE REGIONAL ASSEMBLY OF TEXT

tea!

cookies!

typewriters!

FIRST THURSDAY
OF EVERY MONTH

**LETTER
WRITING
CLUB**

NO COST. SUPPLIES PROVIDED.
EVERYONE WELCOME.

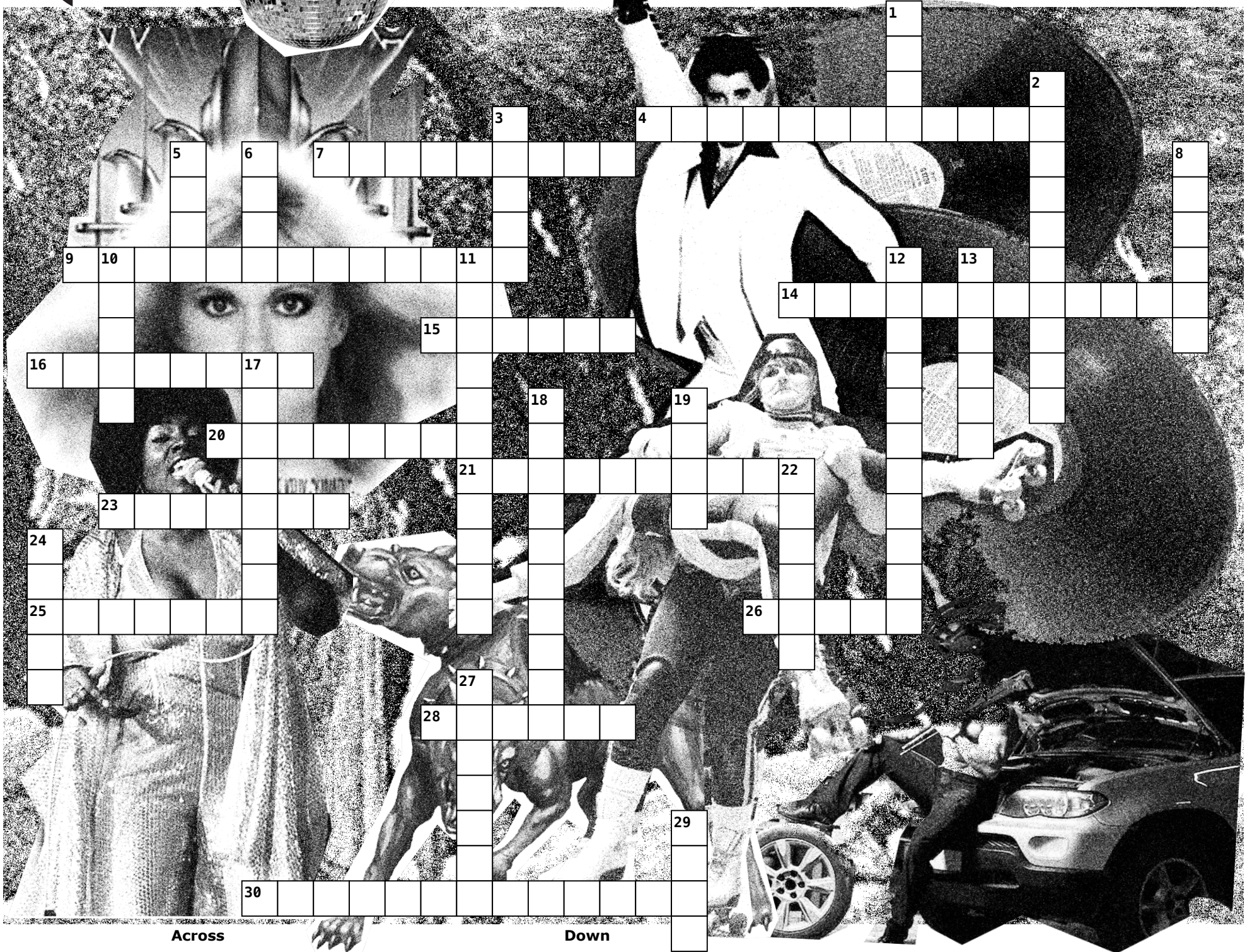
FIND ALL THE DETAILS ON OUR WEBSITE: assemblyoftext.com

Or visit our shop for all
your stationery needs...
greeting cards note -
books, planners, pens,
button making and
letter writing supplies.



3934 MAIN STREET VANCOUVER B.C.

DISCORDER CROSSWORD



Across

Down

4. Burn baby burn

7. Auto body shop with the best tunes

9. Home of our annual block party.

14. Go here to experience essential cinema

15. She WILL survive

16. The name of Discorder's companion Hip Hop magazine that ran for 8 issues

20. The Human Serviette

21. An anti-genre phrase popular in the late 70s/early 80s, that was often yelled by racist and homophobic rocker dudes. Yelled a lot during Disco Demolition Night

23. Studio 54's home

25. The drummer of this iconic grunge band admitted to stealing a drum beat from Chic's Tony Thompson for their hit song

26. Type of guy to have a three headed dog

28. 6th circle of hell

30. This disco group is super passionate about community centers

1. SFU's radio station

2. Vancouver's longest running metal show! (refer to Saturday on our programming schedule for a clue!)

3. This writer was banned into exile, and there he saw visions of what we can refer to as inferno, paradiso, and purgatorio

5. Local record label, guaranteed to leave your breath fresh.

6. CiTR's old call letters

8. Last name of iconic Disco Legend, who's hit song was banned across radio stations for being too erotic

10. What finger do you raise up to the sky when you are listening to Night Fever

11. Contact sport that happens on wheels

12. Flared pants, popular in the 70s

13. Musical fantasy movie starring Olivia Newton John

17. Last name of the star of Saturday Night Fever

18. Independent, local, non profit, music + art festival

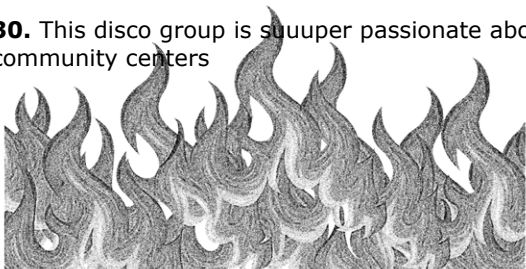
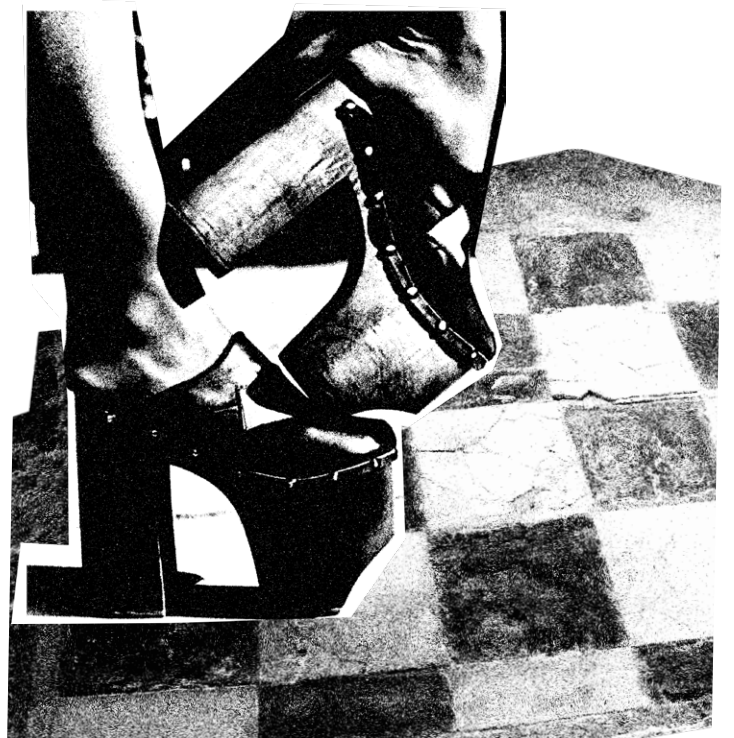
19. _____ on the floor

22. Mall/Centre that is home to the iconic Vancouver Black Library

24. Material used to make everything from food warp, auto body parts, and funky tunes

27. Home of Shindig for the last few years

29. This rapper and Metal band front-man graced the cover of Discorder's September 1990 issue



CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"Discorder recommends listening to CiTR every day." - Discorder.

	ᑭᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ	ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ	ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ	ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ	ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ			ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ	ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ						
6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	PACIFIC PICKIN'		DEMOCRACY NOW!	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX		RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	CiTR GHOST MIX	6 AM				
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE			CiTR GHOST MIX		HARBINGER SHOWCASE		VIEWPOINTS		CiTR GHOST MIX	ELECTRONIC INTIFADA	7 AM			
8 AM		QUEER FM		SUBURBAN JUNGLE	IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES	OUTDOOR PURSUITS	QUEER FM		THE SATURDAY EDGE	FUTURE ECOLOGIES	8 AM				
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS				RUSSIAN TIM SHOW							CLASSICAL CHAOS	9 AM		
10 AM		IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD		CiTR GHOST MIX	BREAKING BARRIERS	FILM PICNIC			SHOOKSHOOKTA	10 AM					
11 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	JESSE'S LIT	CiTR GHOST MIX		DISCOLLIE				11 AM				
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH			THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS		DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH		UNCEDDED AIRWAVES		12 PM				
1 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI		LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE	LE REETUAL	FAMILIAR STRANGERS (EVERY 1ST THURS)	WHAT'S IN THE HAT (EVERY 2ND THURS)	HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	MUSE'ISH (MONTHLY)	CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED	THE ROCKERS SHOW	1 PM			
2 PM		LEENIN' WITH JEFF		CiTR GHOST MIX	LYRICS WE LOVE	TRAINING TIME		BEPI CRESPLAN PRESENTS... AND NARDWUAR		POWER CHORD			2 PM		
3 PM	CiTR RADIO ALL SORTS	CiTR GHOST MIX	VISUAL MEDIA	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN		CiTR GHOST MIX	HARMONIC HOOLIGANS				RADIO LATINA MiXXX	3 PM			
4 PM	CiTR GHOST MIX	TEACHABLE MOMENTS		THE REEL WHIRLED		CiTR GHOST MIX		NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS		CODE BLUE			4 PM		
5 PM	UNCEDDED AIRWAVES	CiTR GHOST MIX	HAZY FREQUENCIES	NOISE COMPLAINT	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT		PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD		MANTRA (BI-WEEKLY)	THE ARMAN AND AKHIL SHOW (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX	VIVAPORÚ	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR	GOBSTOP PERRR	I LUV U HOUR	EURO NEURO	KAFOU MUZIK	CiTR GHOST MIX	THE CITARCHIVES SHOW	MIXOTROPH	FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER		LATE NIGHT TAKE-OUT	MEOW MEOW KITTYPURR	CiTR GHOST MIX		6 PM
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES		CiTR GHOST MIX	AFRICA'S LIT	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANC'TH'S HIDEAWAY	AZZUCAR MORENA	NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH			CiTR GHOST MIX		BAMU-LADES	CiTR GHOST MIX	7 PM
8 PM			CRIMES & TREASONS			THE MEDICINE SHOW		ANALOG GEMATRIA	CROWD FLIP (1ST THUR)	THE MIX SOUP (2ND THURS)	PANDORA'S BOX (3RD THURS)	CANADA POST ROCK	CiTR GHOST MIX	TECHNO PROGRESSIVO	
9 PM														CiTR GHOST MIX	ATTIC JAMS (MONTHLY)
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH		J CHILLIN		LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		SOCA STORM		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH				10 PM	
11 PM		CiTR GHOST MIX	SAXAPHONE LA NUIT	AFTN SOCCER SHOW		COPY/PASTE		CiTR GHOST MIX						11 PM	
12 AM								ONE HOUR HAPPY HAPPY FUN TIME MUZIK				RANDOPHONIC		CiTR GHOST MIX	
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX						RADIO ART OVERNIGHT						1 AM	
2 AM				CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX				THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA				2 AM	
LATE NIGHT														LATE NIGHT	

STUDENT PROGRAMMING

CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING

SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

DO YOU WANT TO PITCH
YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT
PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA TO LEARN HOW

Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, downtempo, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squaresville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!

• CHRISARIFFIC@GMAIL.COM

CITR RADIO ALL-SORTS

3PM-4PM, ECCLECTIC/WEIRD/CULTURE

Join new volunteers in CITR's programming department for a dangerously new and eclectic mix of songs every week. Every second week Radio All-Sorts is by and for people who experience gender marginalization. Do you want to be on Radio All-Sorts? Attend a tour of CITR and become a member

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDED AIRWAVES

5PM-6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GOBSTOPPERRR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & ironclad whimsy.

• RADIOFREEGAK@GMAIL.COM

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZY@YAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass, Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD

ALTERNATING TUES 10AM-1030AM, LGTBQIA2+ / SOCIAL JUSTICE

In Our Gaybourhood is a queer oral history journey exploring the stories and lived experiences of advocates, educators, and students who create space for 2SLGBTQIA+ advocacy, education, and educators in BC.

• INOURGAYBOURHOOD@GMAIL.COM

SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

The music curated for Saxophone a l'après midi and Saxophone la nuit track the historical and philosophical development of music from jazz sub-genres in the 60's-70's to contemporary music, improvisation, rap, hip-hop, and spoken word.

• BAYLIE.ADAMS@ICLOUD.COM

LEENIN' WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

LEEnin with Jeff explores literature (fiction stories, poetry), romcom reviews, and interviews that give an opportunity for others to be aware of different areas of study and career paths.

• JFLEE0070@GMAIL.COM

VISUAL MEDIA

ALTERNATING TUES 3PM-4PM, VISUAL / MEDIA

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, PUNK/ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL / FOLK / DISCUSSION

citr's 1-stop-shop for what's hot & what's not since 2019

• @TEACHABLEMOMENTS_____

HAZY FREQUENCIES

ALTERNATING TUE 5PM, ROCK

Hazy Frequencies is a radio show covering music in the emo and shoegaze genres from the 90s to the present.

• OSCAR.GAITENS@GMAIL.COM

LUUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

<3<3<3

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/ WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@GMAIL.COM

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal Steeles and Malik.

• DJ@CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports. Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXAPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX

A continuation of Saxophone a l'après midi, at night.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

JESS'S LIT

11AM-12PM, ART / CULTURE / LITERATURE

Jess' Lit delves into literatures - songs, poetry, books, movies, etc. - of all genres from a variety of eras, providing analysis, or just a fun time exploring new ideas and works throughout history.

• LEEJESS2002@GMAIL.COM

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Eclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHP@SHAW.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ANYTHING / EVERYTHING

Chatting to your current favourite musicians or helping you discover new ones. From from indie to pop, and everything in between, join 'La Bonne Heure' for a little bit of it all

• VALIE.CA/CONTACT-US

LE REETUAL

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LYRICS WE LOVE

LAST WED OF THE MONTH 2-3, MUSIC/ LYRICS/LOVE

Description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

WED 3PM-4PM, POP SPELLS / WATER / TOIL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATOR@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

WED 4PM-5PM, FILM

"The official show of the UBC Film Society. "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE BROADCAST

ALTERNATING WED 3PM-4PM, REVELRY / JUSTICE / FREEDOM

TBD.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ARTS REPORT

ALTERNATING WED 5PM-6PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called 'Vancouver' (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the arts community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MEDICINE SHOW

ALTERNATING WED 7PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC/ PERFORMANCE

Broadcasting Healing Energy with LIVE Music and laughter! A multi-media variety show, featuring LIVE music, industry guests and hopefully some insight.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ANALOG/GEMS?

Description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 6:30PM-8PM, ROCK/ POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

J CHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#FreeJchillin' ur fav cult classic r"dio show// nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/t and listen to music we also we have sick guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!

• NICKNONIZ@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The AFTN Soccer Show (aka "There's Still Time") is a weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps, MLS, and the world of Football.

• AFTN@CANADASHOTMAIL.COM

Thursday

HARBINGER SHOWCASE

7AM-8AM, CURRENT AFFAIRS/SOCIAL JUSTICE / CULTURE

Weekly highlights from Canada's #1 coast-to-coast community of politically and socially progressive podcasts including Alberta Advantage, The Breach Show, Tech Won't Save Us, Press Progress Sources & 55 more.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, WEIRD CULTURE/LOCAL MUSIC HISTORY

Memories of Vancouver live music venues which no longer exist from the local musicians who played there. Each episode is a walk through a neighbourhood.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

OUTDOOR PURSUITS

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, NATURE SOUNDS/HOWLING

Jade Quinn-McDonald explores the outdoors with guests from many walks of life.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

RUSSIAN TIM SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

• ROCKETFFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIA@CITR@GMAIL.COM/RTIMA_TZAR/

FACEBOOK: ROCKETFFROMRUSSIA

BREAKING BARRIERS

10AM-11AM, EXPERIMENTAL/CLASSICAL

A celebration of experimental and underground music and sound art. Featuring records from 1950-present played in their entirety. Focus on: contemporary classical composers, free jazz, improvised music, and experimental rock.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANSDONUTS@GMAIL.COM

FAMILIAR STRANGERS

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, DISCUSSION / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Familiar Strangers brings on experts and guests alike to discuss various topics on urban affairs, ranging from film reviews to talking about critical interpretations of feminist geography.

• SELINBERKTASH9@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE/ COMEDY/DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@POSABILITIES.CA

HAIL! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY 1PM-2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

Hail! Discordia! is an audio translation of Disorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITALL13@GMAIL.COM

TRAINING TIME W/ CIARA

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, GET ON THE AIR!

A weekly training session for the radio-curious!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 3PM-4PM, MUSIC / EAR SOUNDS

Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT

3PM-6PM, ROCK/FOLK/ECCLECTIC

A plant- and nature-based alternative music show for everyone from the experts to the over-waterers.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone.

• NGILL@UING@GMAIL.COM

CITARCHIVES SHOW

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, SPOKEN WORD

description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, ELEC-TRONIC

Live, 1-hour mixes featuring strictly the absolute worst the electronic underground has to offer. Expect B2Bs and guest mixes featuring only the most subversive of selectors.

• NEBULON.ENTERPRISES.LLC@GMAIL.COM

CROWD FLIP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM,INDIE / ROCK / QUEER

Crowd Flip is both a talk and music show that began by exploring musicology theory through a critical lens of gender theory and history.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MIXSOUP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL/REGIONAL

Dune presents a monthly music show inspired by his travels - The Mixsoup, a healthy broth for your ear bones. The Mixsoup is a journey through space, genre and time, featuring artists from independent music scenes from around the globe.

• DAVIDADUNE@DUNE.BE

PANDORA'S BOX

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, MEDIA/ CULTURE/MYTHOLOGY

Come with us as we dive into mythologies & folktales from around the world, and unbox their unexpected connections with contemporary art, music, media and cultural phenomena!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/PUNK

Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CITR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

COPY/PASTE

11PM-12AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

enter a zone and never return. vibe music for dreamers and dancers, syndicated on CITR and n10.as radio, podcast available on apple podcasts.

• TIM@ACTSOFAUTONOMY.COM

ONE HOUR HAPPY HAPPY FUN TIME MUZIK

12AM-1AM, FUN/FUN/FUN

Description pending

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Friday

VIEWPOINTS

7AM-730AM, SPOKEN WORD

CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

January 2025

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Yesterday's Man*+	<i>Yesterday's Man</i>	MONO TAPES
2	PERRA*	<i>PERRA</i>	SELF-RELEASED
3	Dorothea Paas*	<i>Think Of Mist</i>	TELEPHONE EXPLOSION
4	Maddie Jay	<i>I Can Change Your Mind</i>	REAL CANADIAN CHEDDAR
5	bloom effect*+	<i>portents</i>	TREMBLING
6	bathtub cig	<i>Good Mourning, I love you</i>	SELF-RELEASED
7	Chat Pile	<i>Cool World</i>	THE FLENSER
8	Shad/ 14KT*	<i>Reel Speakers</i>	SECRET CITY
9	YUKO ARAKI	<i>Zenjitsutan</i> 前日譚	ROOM40
10	The Artists*+	<i>I Love The Artists</i>	SELF-RELEASED
11	Jack J*+	<i>Blue Desert</i>	HOOD HUT
12	Yoo Doo Right*	From the Heights of Our Pastureland	MOTHLAND
13	WE ARE WINTER'S BLUE AND RADIANT CHILDREN*	<i>NO MORE APOCALYPSE FATHER</i>	CONSTELLATION
14	Kylie V*+	<i>Crash Test Plane</i>	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
15	Soft as Snow	<i>Metal.wet</i>	BEACON SOUND
16	The Bug Club	<i>On the Intricate Inner Workings of the System</i>	SUB POP
17	eat-girls	<i>Area Silenzio</i>	BUREAU
18	James Tseung*+	<i>Kwun Tong Hockey</i>	SELF-RELEASED
19	Kuma*+	<i>String Treatments</i>	SUBEXOTIC
20	Witch Victim*	<i>Witch Victim</i>	SELF-RELEASED
21	Autonomous Apes*+	<i>Blame me</i>	SELF-RELEASED
22	Rogê	<i>Curyman II</i>	DIAMOND WEST
23	daysormay*+	<i>MODERATION</i>	SELF-RELEASED
24	nagarekeri*+	<i>nagarekeri 2</i>	SELF-RELEASED
25	?NUMB?DAME?*+	<i>this one (is for you)</i>	SELF-RELEASED
26	Winona Forever*+	<i>Sound Argument</i>	ACROPHASE
27	TJ Felix*+	<i>SAVE-on-MEats (CAUSE THE LAST TITLE WAS TOO LONG..)</i>	SELF-RELEASED
28	Djely Tapa*	<i>Dankoroba</i>	SELF-RELEASED
29	Poolgirl*	<i>I CAN'T SWIM</i>	SELF-RELEASED
30	Oracle Chamber*+	<i>Light From Another Sun</i>	BENT WINDOW
31	Jack Campbell & Hank Bull*+	<i>Inventions</i>	SELF-RELEASED
32	Kilometre Club*	<i>(light)</i>	IMAGINARV NORTH
33	World Eaters*	<i>Hounds of Blood</i>	SELF-RELEASED
34	Cameron Winter	<i>Heavy Metal</i>	PARTISAN/ PLAY IT AGAIN
35	Tegu	<i>Owl Island</i>	NOT NOT FUN
36	Godspeed You! Black Emperor*	<i>NO TITLE AS OF 13 FEBRUARY 2024 28,340 DEAD</i>	CONSTELLATION
37	Cecile Believe	<i>Tender the Spark</i>	AMBIENT TWEETS & SUPERNATURE
38	Martin Tétreault*	<i>Vraiment plus de Snippettes!!!</i>	AMBIANCES MAGNÉTIQUES
39	Ira Hardly*+	<i>Hardly Ira</i>	TOILET
40	Joshua Idehen	<i>Mum Does The Washing</i>	BIG WEDNESDAY
41	LSDXOXO	<i>DOGMA</i>	BECAUSE MUSIC
42	MOVIELAND*+	<i>Then & Now</i>	604 RECORDS
43	Passepartout Duo	<i>Argot</i>	SELF-RELEASED
44	p:ano*+	<i>ba ba ba</i>	SELF-RELEASED
45	Japandroids*+	<i>Fate & Alcohol</i>	ANTI-
46	Carmen Villain	<i>Nutrition</i>	SMALLTOWN SUPERSOUND
47	Quinton Barnes*	<i>CODE NOIR</i>	BLACK RAVE
48	Julia Sabra	<i>Natural History Museum</i>	RUPTURED
49	Nap Eyes*	<i>The Neon Gate</i>	PAPER BAG
50	ghosttown forever!*+	<i>whatever happens...</i>	MOUNTMARIGOLD
eating the rich has never felt more necessary			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to hello@ctr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.



DISCORDER'S 2025 Consumer Stability Quiz

*Select all that apply for each question *

1) When shopping on Amazon, which brand do you prefer?

- A. Dibigal glock
- B. mintombopop
- C. cibobop
- D. jibobop

2) How much time do you spend researching before making a purchase?

- A. Zero to three hours
- B. Three to six hours
- C. Six to nine hours
- D. More than nine hours
- E. I don't know/I am bald/other nuanced answer

3) What counts as a frivolous expenditure to you?

- A. eating out with a friend
- B. buying groceries in preparation for emergencies
- C. buying food you enjoy eating.
- D. using meal prep services
- E. buying groceries

4) How often do you or your friends say the following things?

- A. I can't afford food right now
- B. I can't afford to eat out right now
- C. In this economy?
- D. I'm not sure that's edible
- E. It was mouldy but I ate it anyway

5) Can you afford rice?

- A. Yes
- B. No
- C. Maybe
- D. I don't eat rice.
- E. I can't afford to eat anything right now.

ANSWER KEY: [1] A=0, B=0, C=0, D=0; [2] A=0, B=1, C=2, D=3, E=0; [3] A=2, B=1, C=4, D=0, E=4; [4] A=4, B=3, C=2, D=0, E=4; [5] A=0, B=4, C=1, D=0, E=5

SOCCER MOMMY



UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!

February 9

TRENTEMÖLLER

Rickshaw Theatre

February 16

Y LA BAMBA

Wise Hall

February 21

ROSE CITY BAND

Fox Cabaret

February 22

GRACE ENGER

Fortune Sound

February 24

MERCURY REV

Hollywood Theatre

February 26

TY SEGALL SOLO ACOUSTIC

Rickshaw Theatre

February 27

JON SPENCER

Rickshaw Theatre

March 1

HAZLETT

Rickshaw Theatre

March 4

DESTROY LONELY

PNE Forum

March 4

SOCCER MOMMY

Vogue Theatre

March 10

EVAN HONER

Hollywood Theatre

March 15

POM POM SQUAD

Fox Cabaret

March 22

NAKED GIANTS

Wise Hall

March 25

THE LINDA LINDAS

Vogue Theatre

March 26

FROG

Fox Cabaret

March 26

DAMIEN JURADO

Biltmore Cabaret

April 4

YOUTH LAGOON

Biltmore Cabaret

April 5

DARKSIDE

Vogue Theatre

April 7

BEAK>

Hollywood Theatre

April 10

WILLIS

Wise Hall

April 13

CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH

Biltmore Cabaret

April 24

MOGWAI

Commodore Ballroom

Tickets & more info timbreconcerts.com

